



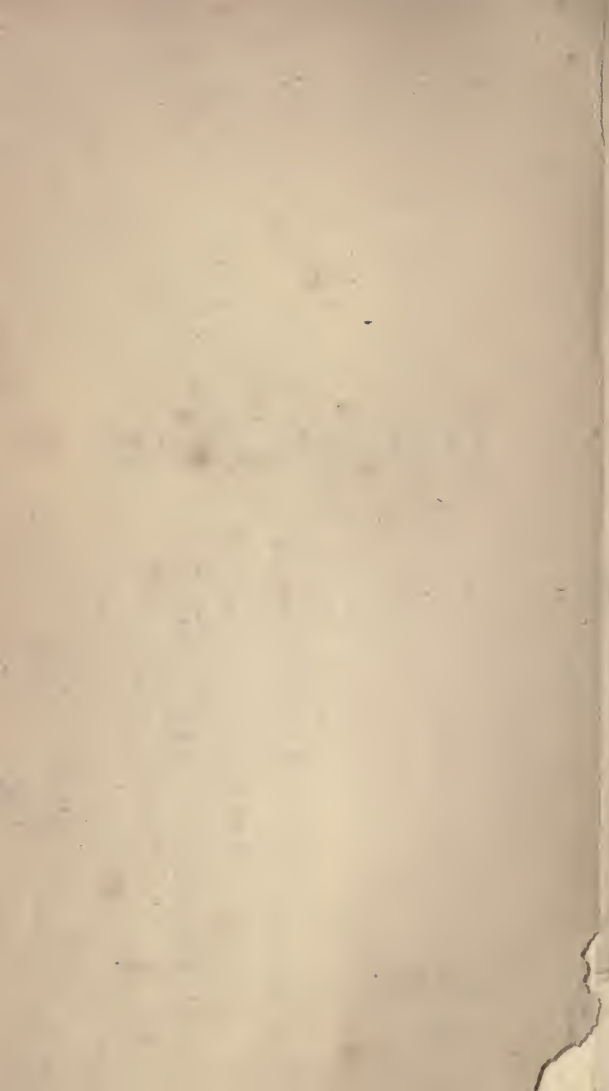
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LYRA EBORACENSIS;

OR,

NATIVE LAYS.



111
LYRA EBORACENSIS;

OR,

NATIVE LAYS:

CONTAINING

A BRIEF HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH

OF THE

ANCIENT CITY OF YORK,

FROM THE

CONQUEST OF SEVERUS.

WITH OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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Joseph Moxon, Parliament-street, York.

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TO THE

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF EBOR,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS AN HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS NATIVE CITY,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

HE who appears before the world without the honours of a titled name, or the protecting shield of patronage, has but little chance of success. Like a rudderless vessel he may float awhile at the mercy of every angry billow, but will soon be cast a hopeless wreck on a desolate shore, or be lost for ever in the gulph of oblivion. How shall the man of wealth listen when the bard of obscurity sings? How shall he be pacified, whose first question, in reference to the new applicant for favour, is, "In what college was he educated?" "What honours has he won?" Will not the heavy blow of iron-handed criticism send the

new invader reeling back into his obscurity, and may he not deem himself happy if that obscurity affords him a shelter? Such a fate may be mine. Educated in no college, save that of which all men are students, and crowned with no honours, except those of a honest heart, I have but few claims to public favour. The principal poem, in this volume, is entirely new. I feel that I have not done justice to the subject; but I have gone even further than I at first intended. The matter increased on my hands, and I shall feel satisfied with my reward if some other pen takes up the theme and enlarges it as it deserves. To the many friends who have kindly assisted me in this my first, and in all probability my last publication, I beg to return my grateful thanks, especially to the gentleman to whose kindness I am indebted for the loan of that scarce and valuable work, "Drake's Eboracum," from which I have taken nearly the whole of my notes.

The minor poems were written at various times, and under various circumstances ; some in the chamber of sickness, others in the short hours stolen from daily employment. These are not the outpourings of an imagination nursed amid the sublimer scenes of nature ; the lofty hills—the heathery fells—the swelling ocean—the mountain torrent—the placid lake, have had no influence on these lays. The scenes and incidents of every-day life are alone recorded here. None of the pieces have had that careful examination which leisure could alone bestow, but were written almost within a given time, and are printed without any subsequent alteration. There may be little to praise and much to condemn. Such as they are I present them to the world, to rise or fall as public opinion may determine. Of the reader I ask no reward but what he derives himself from the perusal. Of the critic I ask not favour, but impartiality.

If the lyre on which I have so long doated be rudely snatched from my hands and shivered to atoms, I may at least console myself with the thought, that my efforts, though unsuccessful, were also harmless and unblameable, and if instead of fame I win contempt, I shall only miss that which I never aimed at, and secure what I altogether despise. On the other hand, if there be one shadow of gloom driven away ; one hour of solitary weariness beguiled ; one dormant feeling of charity and love awakened ; or one unholy passion checked by the contents of these pages, I shall not have written altogether in vain, nor ventured beyond the confines of my retirement without receiving my reward.

T. H.

York, March, 1839.

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EBOR:

AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

E B O R.

PART I.—HISTORICAL.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art !
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
Low in the dust ; and we admire thee now
As we admire the beautiful in death.

ROGERS.

Subject proposed. SEVERUS—his death. CONSTANTIUS—his death and deification. CONSTANTINE the Great. The Saxons. The Danes. Invasion by the King of Norway. Battle of Stamford Bridge. WILLIAM the Conqueror. Seige of York. Massacre of the Jews. ALEXANDER, King of Scotland. York and Lancaster. CHARLES I. Battle of Marston Moor. Conclusion of first part.

ALAS ! how transient is the blaze of power,
How soon it passes, like a meteor's ray—
Kingdoms arise and shine their little hour,
Then, like a fallen temple, sink away
Into the quiet slumber of decay !
Leaving some sad memento still behind,
Some proud memorial of their brightest day,
Which serves to show each meditative mind,
That earth and all its towers, to ruin are assigned !

Long years have past since Thou, old Ebor!¹ stood
The brightest city of this sea-girt isle !
And Thou art lovely in thy widowhood,
Tho' brighter suns have ceased on Thee to smile ;
Thou still hast beauties which may well beguile
The stranger's resting hours ; like Rome o'erthrown,
The broken pillar, the deserted aisle,
Are to the wondering tourist proudly shown,
As relics of the past, the glory Thou hast known !

Of Thee, both past and present, would I sing,—
Justice and truth shall guard my humble lyre,
And as my fingers gently touch the string,
O may it vibrate with a fond desire
T' exalt Thy name ; and sparkle with the fire
Which animates the heart allied to Thee ;
With no enthusiast's feelings I admire
Thy noble grandeur ! Thou art loved by me
Much as a mother can by her own offspring be !

Change comes to all things. Change has come to Thee,
And fallen art Thou from Thy pride of place !
'Tis thus the works of man must ever be !
The hand of time will silently efface
His mightiest labours ! scarcely can we trace
The spot where stood Thy palaces of yore,
Whose halls the splendour of a court did grace,
Whose altars Kings and Queens have knelt before ;
Kings, Altars, Courts have gone, they passed, and are
no more !

But not alone Time's ruthless hand hath made
Its fearful imprint on Thy hoary brow ;
The swift destructive cannon ball hath laid
Thy strong-built towers and frowning ramparts low,
And darker days have seen Thy channels flow
With human blood ! Devouring fire hath done
Its work on Thee ! Thy relics still can show
The dangers thick thro' which Thy race was run
To gain the wreath of fame which Thou hast proudly
won !

'Twas here that conq'ring Severus ² paus'd awhile,
Sheathed his red sword and found his final rest ;
Victoriously he marched thro' Britain's isle,
The fierce marauding Pict and Scot suppress !
Yet, whilst triumphant feelings warmed his breast,
He saw that conquest was achieved in vain,
And, as death's darkening shadows round him prest,
'Twas thus he spake to his attendant train—
“ That little urn must hold what earth could scarce
contain !”

Near to the spot where peaceful Holgate stands,
And three tall hills are pointing to the skies,
He was entombed—his own adventurous bands,
By labour, caused this monument to rise ;
His body here consumed before their eyes,
The closing scene was o'er, their leader dead,
Paid were the last sad rites and obsequies,
When each man to his tent in silence sped,
To think of him who oft to war and conquest led !

Soon the degenerate son³ of Severus fell
From his great father's ways, and madly slew
His younger brother, lest he should rebel
Against the tyrant's power ; he then withdrew
(Nor did our city weep the last adieu)
His courtly train to Rome,—unmourned, he died ;
His soul that sense of honour never knew
To which his mighty parent was allied,
And justly deemed above his robe of regal pride !

Then did fair Ebor own the gentle sway
Of good Constantius ! wisdom and peace
Shed round his sceptre a refulgent ray,
And bid barbarian broils and troubles cease !
The glories of our country now increase,
And Roman splendours grace the imperial throne,
But soon the Emperor's spirit finds release,
When worth and justice in such brightness shone,
The proudest rites of Rome were to his body done.

Within the porch of Ebor's palace fair, ⁴
On ivory bed, in solemn silence laid
The prostrate king! the features seemed to wear
The smile which good Constantius oft displayed!
Females in robes of spotless white arrayed,
Princes in garbs of black their watches kept,
Physicians in attendant duty stayed,
As if the lifeless body had but slept,
Nor Death his darksome wing o'er his proud victim
swept.

When seven days were ended, and no sign
Of animation in the corpse was found,
'Twas brought into the Forum to recline,
Whilst noble youths and virgins fair surround,
And break the gloomy stillness with the sound
Of lamentation and the dirge of woe!
Then was it carried to the sacred ground,
Laid on the pile where sparkling jewels glow,
And spices and perfumes complete the gorgeous show!

Then came great Constantine ! (historians tell
That Ebor had the honour of his birth)
Heir and successor now, on whom there fell
A double portion of his father's worth !
He lights the pile, ascending flames burst forth,
And shouts and prayers upon the winds arise,
As the freed eagle upward springs from earth,
And spreads his powerful pinions to the skies,
An emblem that the soul back to its MAKER flies !

Time past, and soon the Roman power forsook
The British shore ; its own triumphant state
Was by the hand of revolution shook,
The first faint threatenings of its future fate ;⁵
Then like a pack of hungry wolves that wait
To seize their prey, the Picts and Scots came down,
And blood and slaughter scarce could satiate
Their thirst for power, and Ebor overthrown
Now fell from that proud height which it so long had
known !

We may but briefly tell how Saxons came
To aid the Britons 'gainst their cruel foes,
And when they had in part repressed the flame
Themselves increased and triumphed in their woes !
Then from their lethargy the natives rose
Against these treacherous tyrants of their land,
Besieged the city and made good their cause ;—
Dust on each head, and fetters in each hand,
The Saxon chiefs await what justice may demand !⁶

Where is the British heart that could not show
(Tho' fiercest found in battle's bloody rage)
The light of mercy to a fallen foe,
And strive the captive's sorrow to assuage ?
So did Aurelius in that darken'd age,
To strike with sword of justice he forbore ;
Far nobler works the royal mind engage !
The beauty of our city to restore
And free it from the garb of sadness which it wore !

Then Arthur reign'd, whose inexperienced youth⁷
Aroused once more the Saxon bands to war,
None thought that one so young could teach the truth
That British heroes when united are
Invincible ! when rebellions mar
A country's peace, then honour is unknown,
And blood and murder shrouds each rising star !
So Arthur fell ! but ere his sun went down
He rais'd old Ebor high and clothed it with renown !

And now long years of strife and bloodshed past,
Whilst Ebor rose and fell and rose again !
And doubt and darkness are around us cast,
Now kings by right and now by murder reign !
We seek the cheerful torch of truth in vain
To guide us thro' the mists that now surround,
And onward pass to where the warlike Dane
First gained a footing on our British ground,
And is, bespilt with blood, within our city found !⁸

One thousand years have nearly run their round
Since in our streets befel that fearful fray !
Osbert and Ella midst the slain were found
And streams of blood, like rivers, rolled away !
Sex, age, or rank no quarter found that day,
Mercy hung back, and Hope forgot to smile,
Havoc and rapine held their heartless sway,
Until our city was but one great pile
Of desolated ruins, and barbarian spoil !

Now Godram governed here as deputy, ⁹
And dwelt where Ebor's palace still would claim
Some relic of the past (tho' none there be,
The place still bears the Danish chieftain's name),
Until the traitor Saxon Egbert came, ¹⁰
And ruled with cruel sway, when overthrown
By Rigsidge, he who raised a fearful flame
Among the people, now rebellious grown ;
Rigsidge was murdered here—Egbert regained the
crown !

Victorious Athelstan next rose to power,¹¹
 Our little island conquered with the sword,
 Our castle burnt, lest it, some evil hour,
 A shelter to the rebel should afford ;
 And having peace into our land restor'd
 In tranquil calmness ended here his life ;
 No grateful son received his parting word,
 But Edmund wore the crown with danger rife
 And soon again our shore was made a scene of strife !

In Harold's reign the fierce Norwegian came,¹²
 And peaceful Ouse his warlike vessels bore !
 Then flew our men to arms their rights to claim,
 And Fulford's field a bloody mantle wore !
 Our city too was doomed to change once more
 Its masters for a time—not long their reign !
 Harold's advancing powers they fly before,
 Yet ere they yield one effort make in vain
 Their most unrighteous cause with slaughter to main-
 tain !

Drawn up in place secure their armies wait
The dreadful doom that hovers o'er each head !
O could they have foreseen their fearful fate
What sighs of sorrow ! tears in sadness shed !
Alas ! what myriads have in battle bled
To gain a foot of earth, or sounding name !
Say can such conquest light the dying bed,
Or yield a covering to the blush of shame ?
No ! blood-dyed is the wreath that proudest warriors
claim !

Behold whole ranks of men in strength and pride
Near Stamford Bridge unbroken order keep !
Let fancy picture them now side by side,
Ready their arms in human gore to steep !
O let humanity behold and weep !
And those who govern contemplate the sight !
What prize can honour, power, ambition reap
To cheer one moment that unhappy plight
When Murder stalks abroad and revels in the fight !

Then Harold left our city and advanced
To try his strength with this invading foe,
Twice sixty thousand warlike weapons glanced
And stood opposed, a sad yet glittering show !
Derwent's sweet waters 'twixt them gently flow,
One narrow bridge alone joins land to land ;
O who shall strike the first the signal blow ?
See ! where the tall Norwegian takes his stand,
Rears his gigantic form and lifts his powerful hand !

Here like some huge Colossus does he form
The outward barrier, matchless and alone,
He waits the thunders of the gathering storm,
Whilst proud defiance to the foe is thrown !
O for some shepherd's boy with sling and stone
To slay this great Goliath ! who so bold,
Where sixty thousand stand dismayed by one !
Invincible by strength, unmoved by gold !
So the brave Spartans kept Thermopylæ of old !

Lo ! from beneath the bridge he is assailed !
By hand unseen the fatal blow is given !
And stratagem succeeds where force had failed ;
Then are the hosts against each other driven,
And wild war-whoops ascend from earth to Heaven ;
Swords loudly clash with swords, blow follows blow,
And fury fills each breast with madness riven !
None cry for mercy, mercy none can show !
And Derwent dyed with blood glares with a crimson
glow !

The sun had reached its altitude, and yet
War was not weary of its work of blood !
And when that sun at last in sorrow set
Appalled at its own work foul Murder stood !
How would grim Death like some fierce vulture brood,
And shake his fleshless arm with wild delight !
And in the stillness of night's solitude
Count o'er the victims of that fatal fight,
And feast his ball-less eyes with that revolting sight !

Then Norway's routed ranks in terror fled,
Their King was slain by mighty Harold's hand,
The treacherous Tosti too laid with the dead
That strewed in gory heaps the bloody strand ;
And thus they stood a wretched kingless band !
Fit objects for the Conqueror's clemency,
He bade them go—scarce twenty sails expand !
Tho' full five hundred pennants floated high
When first they sought the shore where now so many
lie !

Now Harold to our city turn'd again,
And victory smiling crowned the hero's brow !
The air resounds with loud triumphant strain,
Where joyous revelries unbounded flow !
Whilst all the glory conquest can bestow,
And all the joys that hoary Christmas brings,
The manly sport, the bonfire's cheerful glow,
The well-filled goblet, all a gladness flings,
And Ebor with her bells a thousand welcomes rings !

O Victory ! fickle is thy fond embrace
Where'er thy fleeting footsteps chance to rest !
How soon the finger on the wall may trace
The words that rankled in Belshazzar's breast,
And mirth and merriment at once suppress :
" Thy days are number'd ! foes are at thy gate !"
The song is hushed ! and silenced is the jest !
For lo ! the messenger without doth wait !
William is on our shore, whilst Harold sits in state !¹³

The cup is dashed untasted from the lip !
To arms ! to arms ! once more is now the cry !
Havoc again prepares her hands to dip
In human gore and rear her standard high !
War on his bloody pinions hovers nigh,
To steep his talons in the flesh of man !
Like some proud eagle circling from the sky
To snatch his helpless prey with cruel span ;
Again our country weeps beneath that fearful ban !

To Hastings Harold hastened—there he fell !
The Norman's arrow pierced his heated brain !
Ebor right glad the invader to repel,
Soon found the effort would be made in vain ;
Then sought the Conqueror's clemency to gain,
Alas ! that clemency indeed was small !
When nought the tide of conquest could restrain,
How did the tyrant triumph in our fall !
And with unsparing hand in slavish chains enthrall !¹⁴

Could Ebor hear the hateful fetters clank
Nor make one single effort to be free ?
Or could her sons with slaves and bondsmen rank,
Or robbed of all their rights contented be ?
Ah no ! her spirit roused, again we see
Her foes beleaguered in their own retreat,
Where fire and sword obtain the mastery,
And, castles stormed, with sword in hand they meet,—¹⁵
The sons of freedom tread the tyrants 'neath their feet !

Nor didst Thou sheath Thy sword, O Ebor! then,
Begirt for battle, watchful didst Thou stay,
Like some fierce lion of the forest, when
He hears afar the sounds of coming fray!
Thou heard'st the Conqueror marching on his way
To lay Thee lower than Thou wert before;
Yet undismayed Thou stood no easy prey,
When life in vain for mercy might implore,
And liberty the prize—say, who shall peace restore?

Then war o'erwhelmed Thee, and on every side ¹⁶
Let loose its fiery powers to bring Thee down,
Thou nobly stemmed the horrors of the tide,
And gazed unshaken on its darkening frown!
Six lingering months Thy fearless front was shown,
Still unsubdued—the seventh saw Thee fall,
But not by man was Thy proud strength o'erthrown,
No human power Thy boldness could appal,
To famine didst Thou yield—who could withstand the
call?

E'en now imagination can descry,
The scene when foes were ranged on every side,
Methinks I see upon the ramparts high
Brave Waltheof pacing with majestic stride,
Dauntless his soul, he sees the prospect wide
O'erspread with Norman foes, yet of his heart
No pulse beats quicker, glowing with the pride
Of matchless strength, high resolutions start,
Sooner with his life's blood than with his honour part !

The breach is widened and the foes advance,
But Waltheof like a giant stands the shock—
In vain they hurl the dart, and raise the lance,
His stalwart limbs are moveless as a rock !
His powers alone their mightiest efforts mock,
He stands unhurt where dangers thickly fly ;
Until at last the people round him flock,
And for the bread of life in mercy cry,
Then was his soul subdued—he laid his glory by !

Then Ebor fell ! and O how great the fall !
Plunged in the depths of wretched dark despair,
The tyrant's chains her freedom did enthrall
And left her prostrate and forsaken there !
How fallen now is she who once was fair !
How sadly smitten from her topmost height,
Farewell to glory—strangers now may share
Thy richest spoils ! enwrapped in gloomy night
Long years must pass ere Thou emerges to the light !

And darkness dwelt where all so late was bright,¹⁷
Where Severus died and Constantine was born,
Now darkly clouded was old Ebor's light,
And dashed the beacon that so high was borne ;
Like Samson, of its strength and glory shorn,
Dreary and desolate the city now,
By tyrant's fangs and cruel despots torn,
The wreath of glory pluck'd from thy brow,
“ How is the mighty fallen ”—“ the lofty place made
low ! ”

Years onward sped. Thy darkness passed away,
And like the morning sun again Thou rose
Bright as at first. And kings again held sway
Within Thy courts and framed a nation's laws,
And kept in stern subjection all their foes
With rod of iron. Queens and princes laid
Their offerings on Thy altars, and their vows
Muttered on bended knee, and Thou wert made
The spot where England's wealth and beauty were
arrayed ! ¹⁸

Now courtly feasts and revels went their round,
And Ebor with a royal splendour shone,
Here queens were woo'd and won, and kings were
crowned,
And knightly feats and deeds of valour done !
And all the glory that surrounds the throne
Of England's monarch glowed refulgent here,
A nation's pride ! exalted and alone !
The brightest where so many bright appear !
City of cities Thou ! supreme ! without compeer !

These were Thy palmy days, and high Thou stood,
Clad in the mantle of Thy regal power !
Nor little dreamt, that like the changing flood
Which ebbs and flows, now higher and now lower,
The tide would turn against Thee, and Thy hour
Of greatness be run out. Yet Thou wert fair !
And all unconscious of the coming shower ;
So is there oft a stillness in the air,
Ere the fierce storm outbursts which may be gather-
ing there !

But O there is a blot upon Thy brow
Which distant ages would in vain efface !
Alas ! that truth requires its record now !
Fain would the Muse in silence pass the place
So deeply darkened by Thy dire disgrace !
When hellish bigotry sprung from its lair
And brought destruction to the Jewish race !
As springs the fell Simoom in deserts bare
And overwhelms at once the hapless traveller there !

Where shall the helpless sons of Israel fly,¹⁹
When every arm is raised to stay their flight ?
When every ear is deafened to their cry,
And Hope long glimmering shrouds its feeble light !
Or who describe the terrors of that night,
When the red firebrand blazed on every side !
Men, women, children rush in wild affright
From their consuming homes, themselves to hide,
That haply they may 'scape the dangers that betide !

High on a hill, clad with embrowning moss,
Stands Clifford's hoary tower, o'erlooking where
The silvery Ouse is joined by sluggish Foss,
And both flow on, a river broad and fair ;
'Twas to this spot the Jews in wild despair
From their relentless persecutors fled ;
It was in vain ! their foes pursue them there !
Thirsting for blood, tho' much had now been shed,
Alas ! they only were more eager to be fed !

And now like Jackalls howling for their prey,
The lawless multitude the walls surrounds,
And the destructive engine brought to play
Yclept a battering ram—back it rebounds,
The earth is shook—the air is filled with sounds
Of awful import, blood their constant cry ;
Here human beings turned to wild bloodhounds,
Had raised the crimson arm of vengeance high,
And priests took up the sword, and laid the mitre by !

Within the walls, alas ! what bosoms bleed !
What hopeless agony disturbs each breast !
They offer wealth—wealth serves not now their need !
The storm without still rages unrepres !
Then first the Jewish chief his band addrest,
Described the threatening horrors of their state,
And told how their forefathers stood the test,
Rather than to their foes resign their fate ;
And urged ere they should yield, themselves to immo-
late !

Tho' wrong the doctrine—the resolve was brave,
Then each unto his neighbour bade adieu !
A death-doomed band, to fill one common grave !
A parent's hands his offspring's blood imbue !
A hopeless husband his own partner slew !
A murdered mother by her children slept !
Till high the gory heap of martyrs grew !
So well the bond inviolate was kept,
Full fifteen hundred fell, unpitied, unbewept !

Then was the brand unto the Tower applied,
That fire might finish what the sword began !
Whilst foes more fierce than fire on every side
Stood ready armed, to pounce on all who ran !
Nor of that race escaped one single man !
O truth most terrible ! it must be told
That future ages this dark deed may scan !
O what a page for history to unfold !
These were Thy sons, O Ebor ! and their motive—gold !

Enough of this ! the mark is on Thy brow,
Like that which branded Cain ! with joy the Muse
Turns from the sickening sight of blood, to show
Scenes where far brighter suns their rays infuse,
And, mounting on the wing of rapture, views
The meeting of the monarchs, when the King
Of Scotland came to Ebor, proud to choose
Third Henry's daughter, and his wealth to bring,
And lay it at her feet—a bridal offering ! ²⁰

Then peace presided here, and Christmas games
And unrestrained carousals passed around,
Such as a King might share, and courtly dames
Fear not to join in—pleasures now abound,
And shouts of welcome through the air resound,
And bless the happy nuptials ! lovely pair !
Now in the glow of youth and rapture found !
Seize while you can the bliss that may be there !
Ye cannot tell how long these feelings you may share

Thus these two kingdoms oftentimes at war
Now laid aside the sword, and met in peace,
Determined nought their feast of mirth should mar!
Commanding doubt and discord once to cease.
The winds are hushed! the waves their wrath appease!
And die in gentle murmurings on the shore!
Alas! how soon the tempest may increase!
And whirlwinds sweep along and billows roar,
And strife and bloodshed rise where all was calm before!

Then Alexander went his way—and died,
As did his children! the unhappy state
(That Bruce and Baliol might their rights decide)
Now rose in arms! and history can relate
How long the kingdom bled from factious hate
And usurpation! ours is but to show
That strife and calm succeed each other—fate
Rules by such laws diverse, the royal brow
Not always wears the crown where pride and glory
glow!

Nor must we in our haste forget to show
How second Richard did his love record ;
He, pleased to find such loyal feelings flow,
To William de Selby gave his sword, ²¹
That he in future should be titled Lord,
And hold the weapon as a mark of grace !
O ! that it might have been to him restored
In Pomfret's cell ! with cowards face to face,
Then had not one alive departed from that place !

On rapid wing old Time pursued his flight,
And thrones were overturned, and changes came
On things around ! Kings ruled not then by right
But by the arm of power upheld their claim ;
And soon burst forth the fierce-consuming flame
Of civil war ! whose devastating blast
Brought on our land destruction, death, and shame !
Then was the sun of Ebor overcast,
How few were scathless seen when that dread scourge
flew past !

Then York and Lancaster, in deadly strife,
Unsheathed the sword, and deluged all the land
With English blood ! alas, that human life
Should be so little counted of, and stand
An easy prey, when tyrants give command !
Old Ebor poured her thousands to the field
Of Towton's gory plain ! where hand to hand
Men of one soil the battle axe did wield !
O what a fearful sight the morrow's sun revealed !

Who was to-day a king, now fled in fear !
He who pursued himself ere long would flee !
Thus different aspects did the nation wear,
And crowns and sceptres changed their mastery !
Now had our city lost its high degree,
And kings no longer dwelt within its towers,
Yet was it ever first in loyalty,
And for its rulers used its ready powers !
So will it ever do when threatening danger lowers !

Forsook by fortune and pursued by fate,
Hither unhappy Charles for refuge fled,
And here he found a ready advocate : ²²
The sons of Ebor willing to be led
By him whom they acknowledged as their head
And lawful sovereign ! high in the air
The flag 'neath which they had so often bled
Flapped to the breeze ! and hung a token there
That war now once again his "red right arm" would
bare !

Behold a nation with itself at war !
A king beseiged by his own subjects here !
The cannon's roar borne by the breezes far
The news of bloodshed thro' the valleys bear !
When steel-clad men in warlike ranks appear,
And bring destruction o'er a smiling land,
How is the peasant's bosom filled with fear
Of mangled corpses, weltering on the strand
Where meadows brightly bloom and golden charms
expand !

The noontide heat was past. The balmy breeze
Brought health and fragrance as it murmured by,
The woodland rover sought his native trees,
And twilight's shadows gathered in the sky,
The star of evening as it climbed on high
Seemed like an angel from its station peeping,
Oh ! on an eve like this did warriors lie
On Marston Moor ! their silent watches keeping,
Or, with their arms prepared, in fitful slumbers sleeping !

And morning dawned. In brightness rose the sun,
And in his golden chariot kept his way,
As if no deeds of blood were to be done
Ere he had reached the western point of day !
The lark took wing, and with his cheerful lay
First bade him welcome. Far off might be seen
The towers of Ebor glittering in the ray !
How fair and lovely would the sight have been
Had not that arm'd host spread terror o'er the scene !

Then came the shock of war, when armies meet
In dread collision. Cannons loudly roar
And from their mouths spout death ! The soldier's
feet
Tread on his fallen comrade, passing o'er
To fill his empty place. With human gore
The earth is slippery, and the dying groan !
The living heed them not, but as before
Press to the slaughter—soon themselves to moan
When they by others fall, intent on blood alone !

O 'tis a fearful sight to see arrayed
Whole ranks of men on murderous war intent,
E'en when advancing foes our coasts invade,
Or aid to some more helpless power be sent ;
But when the subjects of one king are bent
On the destruction of each other there,
And family circles are by faction rent,
And kinsmen kinsmen to the battle dare,
The soul with horror starts, and weeps in wild despair !

Now on the field of Marston victory hung,
Long undecided. When the day went down,
The fierce Cromwellian with triumphant tongue
Proclaimed a rightful king was overthrown,
And laughed to scorn the honours of the crown.
Nor could old Ebor long its rights maintain,
Tho' Glemham bravely fought and won renown;²³
Proud triumph followed the usurper's train,
O Justice, where wert thou? we search for thee in vain!

Thus Charles his sceptre lost. Well had it been
Had this sufficed, but soon, alas! was reared
The scaffold high, whereon to act a scene
More dark than all that had so dark appeared,
Worse than the gloomiest thoughts had ever feared.
O age of wisdom! fair indeed the sound—
Your Monarch murdered, then as saint revered!
Far from our shores such hellish deeds be found,
And far that reckless heart where thoughts like these
abound!

Our tragic song is ended, and the Muse
Pleased to its tale of blood to say farewell,
A more delightful task in prospect views,
Where calmer scenes and brighter suns dispel
The clouds that hung around it like a spell ;
And, gentle Reader, if not weary too,
Invites thee onward, whilst we strive to tell
What now is left in Ebor fair to view ;
But if already tired, to thee we bid adieu !

END OF PART I.

E B O R.

PART II.—DESCRIPTIVE.

Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil ; they defy the pen :
Could he who sang so well the Grecian fleet
So well have sung of alley, lane, or street ?
Can measured lines these various buildings show,
The Town-hall Turning, or the Prospect Row ?
Can I the seats of wealth and want explore,
And lengthen out my lays from door to door ?

CRABBE.



General survey of the City. The Minster, its burning. St. Mary's Abbey.
School for the Blind. Lunatic Asylum. Collegiate School. Assembly
Rooms. Theatre. St. Leonard's. Mansion House and Guildhall. The
Ramparts. The Castle. EUGENE ARAM. The River Ouse. Conclusion.

CITY of Churches! beautiful art Thou!
With all Thy steeples pointing to the sky!
When from some neighb'ring hill's ascending brow¹
We gaze upon Thee with affection's eye,
'Tis sweet to see Thee in the sunbeams lie,
Stretched out in calmness placid and serene,
Whilst some tall vessel, gliding slowly by,
Shows where Thy sparkling waters intervene,
And gives a lively change refreshing to the scene!

High o'er the rest the noble Minster rears
Its towers exalted ! venerable pile !
The master-piece of art ! the work of years !
The ark of glory ! pride of Britain's isle !
The wonder of a world ! the first in style,
Shape, workmanship, and grandeur ! beauty's mould,
To whom the tourist hastes to gaze awhile,
And stands surprised to see the works unfold
More than his mind conceived, or to his ear was told !

Majestic pile ! magnificent and vast !
Rearing in silence thy high towering head !
Clothed in a solemn grandeur unsurpassed,
And glory, o'er a world's wide surface spread !
Thy sounding floor hath felt the stately tread
Of sceptred monarchs in far bygone days,
In thee repose our brave and noble dead,
In thee the living lift the voice of praise,
And songs of adoration to Jehovah raise !

Where is the princely train that once did pay
Their vows of duty at thy sacred shrine ?
All, like some fleeting vision, passed away,
Yet thou continues in thy might to shine !
And shall whilst generations still decline ;
When all the voices echoing through thy walls
Are hushed for ever, and to death resign
Their sweetest songs ! race after race thus falls,
But thou still lifts thy head, and former days recalls !

Thou wert not made at once, a mortal's days
Are far too short to build a house like thee !
Thrice fifty years were short enough to raise²
The glorious temple of thy majesty !
Not one man's mind conceived what thou shouldst be,
But many bright imaginings burst forth
To make the mighty monument we see !
Who saw the dawning of thy earliest birth
Beheld not thy completion, Lion of the North !

And when the topstone was brought forth with shouts
What congregated thousands would be there !
Banished afar divisions, fears, and doubts,
The scene would one triumphant aspect wear !
Then came the dedication and the prayer,
The stretching forth of hands, like him of old
With whom in wisdom none might now compare,—
“ How shall the house which I have builded hold
Thee, whom the Heaven of Heavens can not enfold ! ”³

Five hundred years hath thy gigantic form
Withstood unshaken Time's subduing test !
The forked lightning and the raging storm
Have poured their fury on thy passive breast !
But years have only woven round thy crest
The wreath of veneration, and reveal
Thy indestructibility ; or rest
Upon thee like the mantle that may steal
Around some lovely form, yet not its charms conceal !

If viewed afar, thou seems a beacon high
Lifting to Heaven thy lofty towers, to show
That man's best hopes should reach beyond the sky,
And flee this world of wickedness below ;
To teach the wanderer, weary, sad, and slow,
There may a place of refuge safe be won ;
The covenant of life ! like that fair bow
Which on a deluged world in brightness shone,
Whose radiance fills the skies when passing storms
have gone !

If standing near, we gaze with wondering eye,
O what a mighty fabric dost thou seem !
Like Jacob's ladder reaching to the sky,
For angels to descend, as in the dream !
Or if the rising sun's refulgent beam
With glory gilds thy cloud-aspiring crest,
Or Luna's trembling rays in brightness gleam
Among thy pinnacles, still art thou blest !
Afar or near, we deem thee richest ! rarest ! best !

And when we enter how the soul aspires
To leave its clay for yonder blest abodes !
How every wrathful feeling back retires,
As now we tread the ground which martyrs trod !
“ This is none other than the House of God ! ”
And whispering, “ It is good, Lord, to be here ! ”
We meekly bow before His righteous rod,
And feel the fulness of His presence here,
He lifts us from the dust, “ ’Tis I, why do ye fear ? ”

Some portion of our blessed Saviour’s life
Each ray of light that enters still reveals !
Or shows some spot with sweet instruction rife
As round the sculptured monuments it steals !
The humble worshipper in silence kneels,
His heart expanding with adoring praise !
Ah ! who may tell the extatic bliss he feels,
As in this mighty temple he shall raise
A prayer to Him who reigns through everlasting days !

Hark ! how that still small voice now seems to flow
From yonder tomb of consecrated worth !
The bones of pious Sterne repose below,
His dust commingling with his mother earth,
In hope of future glory ! blessed birth !
To be re-born and fitted for the skies !
Pause, stranger ! check thy unbecoming mirth,
Learn from the dead, whilst living, to be wise ;
Hast thou this future hope,—in glory to arise ?

See where the honoured patriot Saville stands,
And seems about to plead his country's cause !
Each better feeling of the heart expands,
And fain would join to heal a nation's woes !
Oppression skulked when mighty Saville rose,
Whilst truth and justice strengthened every nerve !
Learn, thou, who in this spot may briefly pause,
Ne'er from the path of rectitude to swerve,
Go, first thy country's God, and then thy country
serve !

How solemn is this spot ! where'er we turn
We see some record of the worthy dead !
The modest tablet, or the sculptured urn,
Whereon some word of warning may be read !
Short are our days—and when those days are sped
What serves our wealth, our fame, our talents here ?
These had them all—what then ? life still hath fled !
Yet memory weaves above each honoured bier
A wreath which future days shall hasten to revere !

Cold is the heart, and barren is the mind
That feel no rapture in this holy place !
Which can no soul-inspiring precept find,
Though silence reigns through far-extending space !
Or fail within these lofty walls to trace
That Omnipresence which doth surely fill
This temple, and confronts us face to face !
O call it superstition, what you will,
Idolatry, or worse—here would I linger still !

Hark ! how the pealing organ strikes the ear !
What mighty sounds throughout the vastness roll !
The voice of adoration rising here
To Him whose power is spread from pole to pole !
Who built the Heavens ! whose hand doth still
control

The stars, and guides the planets on their way !
Join in the worship, O my wondering soul !
And with these sounds ascend to praise and pray,
Where righteousness, and love, and mercy mildly
sway !

Who that hath seen this mighty fabric filled,
E'en to the roof, with an attentive throng,
Whose hearts with ecstacy unbounded thrilled
With all the harmony of sacred song !
Who that hath stood the glittering crowd among,
And heard a thousand instruments unite
To pour the tide of melody along,
Can e'er forget the force of sound and sight ?—
Mortality seemed lost in rapturous delight !

Yet not more glorious did this place appear,
Not more impressive this stupendous pile,
When Ebor's festival was echoed here,
Than when we pace alone this sounding aisle ;
Or stand entranced to contemplate awhile
The lengthening vista stretched before me now,
Where feeble sunshine would the gloom beguile,
Reflecting through the glass a crimson glow,
And where the vesper songs of heavenly sweetness
 flow !

O THOU, whose presence fills the vast expanse !
Whose eye can pierce the shade, whose ear, the
 sound,
I feel the terror of THY searching glance,
As tremblingly I tread this holy ground !
It is not that alone THOU here art found,
This feeling comes upon me, everywhere
THOU art ! above, beneath, afar, around !
But this THY choicest blessing seems to share,
The Holiest of All, for sacrifice and prayer !

Rich are those noble windows, said to be
The gift of five fair sisters !⁴ goodly band !
Joined in a work of love and piety,
A lasting record of their worth to stand !
Their names, their lineage, or their native land
Are lost to fame ; this monument would say,
Joined in affection's circle, hand to hand,
They " kept the noiseless tenor of their way," *
And lived, and loved, and died beneath religion's
sway !

But other scenes the eye hath witnessed here,
When the red flames in fierceness blazed around !
When every heart was filled with anxious fear
That Ebor's pride would desolate be found !
How strange, but yet how true that fearful sound,
" The Minster is on fire !" How soon it flew,
Swifter than courier skims the level ground,
Until to sad reality it grew,
And high ascending flames declared it to the view !⁵

* Gray.

O say in what dark soul had sprung the thought !
What impious hand had dared to light the flame,
What power malignant such destruction wrought,
What wild enthusiast earned an endless shame,
And through enduring years a scoff became ?
Unhappy Martin ! thine the reckless deed !
Yet who thy sacrilegious act can blame ?
Thou knew not what thou didst ! or wherefore heed
The yearnings of a mind which Reason may not lead !

Full of his dark intent, the maniac crept
Behind the tomb where Grenefield's ashes are,
And while the guardian powers of Ebor slept,
He rose, like some foul serpent from his lair,
For his abhorrent purpose to prepare !
'Twas midnight hour ! and almost might he hear
His own heart beat amid the silence there !
He trembled not, he thought no danger near !
How can a madman's heart be overwhelmed by fear !

The pile is ready—ready is the brand !
The fell assassin now approaches nigh !
He looks around, but none may stay his hand !
Ye slumbering spirits ! could ye silent lie ?
And sceptred kings ! why stood ye silent by ?
O had a momentary power been given,
How would the midnight depredator fly !
Then had our glorious temple not been riven !
Nor such a reckless deed been seen by Earth or
Heaven !

But see the fire ascends ! the deed is done !
The reddening flames amid the darkness play !
The maniac turns, and looks with joy upon
His fearful work ! such fiendish joy as may
Have thrilled the breast of Nero, on the day
When Rome was blazing by his own command !
Now, reckless madman ! go thy secret way !
Sleep on, ye sons of Ebor ! woe's at hand !
Ye wake, and weep to find what sorrow fills the land !

Then lent each hand its ready aid to quell,
And every heart breathed forth a secret prayer,
None stayed to ask, for none, alas ! could tell
Whence sprung the flames which raged in fierceness
there !

Our father's house so beautiful ! O spare !
And stay thy fury, O thou threatening fire !
In vain we plead, high in the reddening air
We see it wildly rise, an aspect dire !
The ruin of our hopes ! our eyes' supreme desire !

The matchless organ is consumed ! at length
The roof has fallen ! and the flames no more
Can grapple with the giant in his strength !
Their work is done, their devastation o'er ;
The bulwarks are unshaken ; well they bore
The brunt of battle, yet doth many a scar,
(Scars not unknown to thee in days of yore,
And which but for a time thy beauty mar,)
Declare the fearful strife of that unholy war !

There stood our roofless temple ! who could gaze
With tearless eye upon the ruined scene ?
The house devoted to eternal praise,
So fair, so proud, majestic, yet serene,
Is now the spot where desolation's been,
And left its impress ! O it was a sight
To cause the pang of grief to intervene !
The object of our love in woful plight,
Like some huge oak that's rent by lightning's scathing
blight !

Past is the scene, and past the ruin there ;
For ready was each hand with golden ore,
The temple of our worship to repair,
And all its pristine beauty back restore ;
The sounds of praise reverberate once more,
The mighty organ thrills the wondering ear !
Scarborough ! wert thy name unknown before,⁶
It is entablatured for ever here,
And coming ages will thy generous gift revere !

Church of St. Peter ! we have lingered long
Beneath thy roof, the parting now must be ;
Right worthy art thou of far nobler song,
A more exalted strain of minstrelsy !
Such as I have I can but offer thee,
Would it were more ! more famed the lowly bard,
Though not inspired with more sincerity ;
We deem the subject its own great reward ;
But now must say farewell ! may angels be thy guard !

On yonder rising ground of verdant green,
Whose soft decline embanks the flowing stream,
The ruins of St. Mary may be seen,
And of departed days a record seem,
The roofless walls receive the sun's fair beam
Which shows the dreary desolation there !
Yet worth a moment's pause may strangers deem
The solemn text its broken front doth bear,—
Time still shall overturn, though mortals may repair !

What change hath Time wrought here ! thy hoary
brow,

Deserted Abbey ! wrinkled o'er by age,
Seems with engraven characters to glow,
To test the glory of historic page !

Consuming fire and wrathful battle's rage
Have held their devastating revels here !

A crumbling shell may now our thoughts engage ;
Thus do the mightiest works of man appear !

And pensive minds would still each ruin grey revere.

No more these walls with solemn mass resound,

No gloomy recluse courts retirement here,

No mitred abbot spreads his fame around,

And seeks the home of poverty to cheer ;

The hungry here were fed, the falling tear

Wiped by the hand of charity away,

The houseless sheltered from the storm severe ;

Abbots, monks, and mendicants ! where are they ?

All, like this pile of ruin, fallen to decay !

Yet, gazing on this desolated pile,
What scenes the imagination brings to view
From England's history ! O pause awhile,
Unthinking stranger ! ere thou bidst adieu,
And at the unfailing well of truth renew
The deeds of former days ! Rufus the Red,⁷
He whom false Tyrrel in the forest slew,
This abbey founded first ! what years have sped
Since solemn masses here for his repose were said !

But like its founder, soon the building fell,
When raging fire destruction spread around,
Simon de Warwick reared, as records tell,
These lofty arches on the self-same ground ;
What tales of days departed might abound,
Had these grey stones a voice to charm the ears !
What crowded recollections would be found
Among the relics of six hundred years !
A hoary chronicler this shapeless mass appears !

King Stephen sate on his uncertain throne
When these grey walls were reared. How many kings
Since then down to the sepulchre have gone,
Whom memory now before the vision brings?
Hark ! Berkeley with the cry for mercy rings !
And Pomfret echoes to the call in vain !
Now "crooked-back Richard" slays the helpless
things

He should protect, the more secure to reign !
But vengeance overtakes on Bosworth's bloody plain !

The convent-cannibal * arises now,
To flit one moment on the changeful scene !
And Mary, when the fires of Smithfield glow
And martyrs meet the stake, now comes between !
A Stuart's wrongs, a nation's crime, are seen,
And Cromwell grasps the rudder ! kingless state !
The solitary instance that hath been,
And O, we trust, the last that shall await
The land where British hearts in love would emulate !

* Henry the Eighth.

These pass in quick succession, all are gone !
And silence dwells within this solemn place,
Where Meditation loves to be alone,
And sweet Philosophy delights to trace
The wondrous works displayed upon the face
Of this great globe ; see ! there her temple stands,⁸
And rears its modest front in simple grace !
There rest the treasures of far distant lands,
There Genius plumes her wings, soars, triumphs, and
expands.

Now let us pause to contemplate awhile
The house on which a deathless name is set,⁹
Where sons of darkness may be seen to smile,
And Blindness learn its sorrow to forget !
Great Wilberforce ! 'tis thou ! whose name is yet
To love united, and must ever be !
This lowly spot, where hope and joy have met,
More than the loftiest monuments we see
Bespeaks the first, the best, great attribute of thee !

Children of darkness ! heavy though your loss,
Are there not blessings still for you in store ?
What, though no rays of light your vision cross,
Your hands are taught to work, your minds to soar !
Imagination may at will explore
The boundless realms of thought ! and ye are told
Of all that Christ on earth for sinners bore,
Of all the glories that ye shall behold
When Heaven before your eyes its riches shall unfold !

Not so with those who dwell within yon walls
Which ring with sounds that fill the ear with pain !
Where some poor maniac in his madness calls,
And strives to rend the bonds which would restrain ;
Or thinks himself a king, and bids in vain
His vassals do his will ! alas, how low
Is human nature fallen ! ne'er again
To feel the fire of Genius inly glow,
Though intellect has stamp'd its impress on the brow !

O what a sight for mortal man to see !
Who would not weep each woe to contemplate !
Profoundest depth of human misery !
A shipwrecked mind, drear, dark, and desolate !
O Heaven preserve us from so dark a fate !
And spare the precious boon which Thou hast given !
Shroud not the light thou didst Thyself create !
Let not the soul by tempests dark be driven,
Like tropic climes afar by wild tornadoes riven !

But see ! a nobler vision charms the sight !
Learning's fair temple rears her lofty brow !
Here Wisdom sits on her exalted height,
And from her lips eternal precepts flow !
While truth and genius, like a halo, glow
Each pinnacle above ! here youth is taught
To tread, perchance with toilsome step and slow,
The rugged path with richest treasures fraught,
And grasp the shadowy form born of each giant thought !

Nor must we pass unsung the noble fane,¹⁰
Sacred to music and the festive dance !
Where Beauty's charms display the jewelled train,
And noble hearts are won by Beauty's glance !
The portals passed, as forward we advance,
The Egyptian hall stands opened to the view !
Where chaste design the pleasure would enhance
Of that gay throng ! say, whence the structure grew ?
Great Burlington, 'tis he to whom the praise is due !

And yonder stands the long low portico
Whose simple style is named from "good Queen
Bess !"

There would the tragic or the comic show
The foibles of the foolish age redress !
Ah ! could they make our sins, our sorrows less,
Then had not Siddons won applause in vain !
Nor crowds of pleasure-loving people press
To see the stately mock-imposing train,
Depicture living scenes and teach a moral plain !

St. Wilfred's and St. Leonard's ! where are they ?
In search of them we vainly look around !
The church—the hospital—gone to decay,
Some scattered relics now alone are found !
The grim old statue in the vaulted ground,
Or the worn cloisters of ignoble use,
Point out the spot where alms did once abound,
And charity no call for help refuse ;
Now less inviting scenes the eye in wonder views !

Upon yon noble mansion let us gaze,
Where cheerful comfort more than splendour reigns ;
Its high and open front at once displays
The generous board its generous Lord maintains !
No sordid miser here the poor disdains,
But wealth without a grudge gives of its store,
And justice listens when the weak complains ;
O say, shall party clamour bar the door—
Hence, thou revolting thing ! and here be heard no
more !

Tradition says that in this Gothic hall
Whose vast dimensions stretch before the eye,
Was paid the purchase of a Stuart's fall,
When Scotland lost all claim to chivalry !¹¹
Gold more than glory, wealth than honour high,
Was their intent ! O most abhorrent deed !
The price of blood was paid, and Charles must die !
Unworthy of a king, they soon were freed
From him, their native king ! no kindred ties they
 heed !

Now let us take upon the ramparts high,
As I have loved to do at midnight hour,
Our solitary walk ; when all things lie
In sweet forgetfulness, and on the tower,
The steeple, and the stream, the moonbeams pour
Their pensive light, unbroken and serene !
And not a breeze, to wave the tenderest flower
That rears its modest stem of purest green,
Breaks, with its rustling wings, the stillness of the
 scene !

These grey grown ramparts !¹² often have they stood
The rage of battle 'mid loud cannons' roar !
Oft have these stones been dyed with human blood,
When every tower war's cruel ensign wore !
Past are these fearful scenes ! O never more
May Ebor's sun be clouded by such woe !
But Peace, her halcyon wings extending o'er
Our much-loved country, spread her welcome glow
To light the wreath of fame around fair Ebor's brow !

O distant far be that relentless hand
That would these faithful relics overthrow !
Hence that transforming spirit of our land
Which seeks our monuments to level low,
And terms improvement each destructive blow !
Lay not thy ruthless grasp on these fair walls,
But leave us something that may serve to show
Our bygone glory—something that recalls
The times when monarchs held their banquets in our
halls !

Encircled by these walls our city lay
Secure from outward foes, across the flood
A chain of massive thickness barred the way,
Save to the friendly vessel bearing food ;
On either shore a strong-built castle stood,
To guard the entrance pointing to the sea
(In these were acted many a scene of blood) ;
Thus Ebor girt with strength, would surely be
Invincible by force, though not by treachery.

Of these two castles one alone is left,
And little of its ancient walls we trace ;
Change has transformed what time has not bereft,
A modern fabric now supplies its place !
Here guilty felons narrow dungeons pace,
Where once proud warriors kept their watchful guard ;
Here right and wrong are summoned face to face,
The lawless thief from freedom is debarred,
And murderers meet the doom which justice may
award !

What groans have echoed through these gloomy cells!
What dark despair hath torn the bosom here!
What shrieks of woe! what agonized farewells!
When death's dread hour approached in terror near,
And the high scaffold its grim form did rear,
Whereon the dismal tragedy is done;
Where gathered crowds on every hand appear
To see the wretch, whose sands have nearly run,
Die his unhappy death, the death his deeds have won!

Unhappy Aram!¹³ such a fate was thine!
And one foul blot beclouded all thy days!
Formed in the rank of learning's sons to shine,
Save this thy life was such as men might praise!
Ah! prompted in an evil hour to raise
Thy hand against thy fellow, hope retired!
The lurid gleam of self-conviction plays
Upon the murderer's heart! and thus expired
The man whom but for this each mind had well ad-
mired!

Is justice in the precept—*life for life* ?
There may be justice, but O is it wise
To plunge a never dying spirit, rife
With the foul murder which before it lies,
Into eternity ? ah, better prize
The soul's immortal welfare ! and to spare
The culprit to repentance ! then might rise
Remorse within the breast, and dark despair
Be banished by the hope which mercy grants to prayer.

Had Eugene lived, though due restraint confined,
Would not his weeping soul have learnt to fear !
Whilst nobler objects charmed his powerful mind,
And fancy bore him to a higher sphere !
O then what strains would break upon the ear !
What new-born visions crowd before the eye !
But all is past, and Genius drops a tear
Upon the tombs where Dodd and Aram lie !
Mighty in mind they passed on wings of darkness by !

That age worn tower may now our notice claim,
By conquering William built in days of yore ;
Clifford here first commanded, whence its name,
And yon high hill upon the neighbouring shore
Its sister tower of strength and beauty bore ;
But all has past away, and left no trace
Save this grey shell which time hath trampled o'er ;
War oft hath poured destruction on the place,
And fire in fierceness raged, its glory to efface !

We reach its height, O what a scene is spread
Before our wondering vision ! at our feet
Fair Isis rolls along its peaceful bed,¹⁴
And brightness glows within its waters sweet !
Reflected rays upon its surface meet,
And calmness sits upon its placid breast !
While on its bank is many a rural seat
Where listless Meditation loves to rest,
And man's immortal mind by Nature is imprest !

Flow on, thou gentle river ! whilst thy voice
Speaks in its murmurings to each thoughtful mind !
Thy very waters seeming to rejoice,
Careering onward, free and unconfined !
Ah me ! why seems my youth so left behind !
Where is the step that once was glad like thee ?
Not always did Affliction sorely bind
The lightsome tread, which like the wind was free,
And scorned a pace so slow as that befallen me !

But wherefore mourn the will of Providence,
Might not the worst that is far worse be found !
Can not thy waters teach me better sense,
As now I listen to their flowing sound !
What then is life's fleet and uncertain round !
Our days, like thy fair waters, pass away !
Our hopes must in eternity be bound,
And he alone is happy who can say
He rests not here his hopes, but waits eternal day !

Yon little bark, impelled by slender oar,
Seems like the prospects that in life we hold ;
Frail and ill-guided, now from shore to shore,
And now an onward course more swift and bold !
So do we turn, as changes may unfold
New fields before us, regions yet untried !
Some bent on glory, some intent on gold !
But O whatever may our lot betide
Let Truth our anchor be and safely shall we ride !

Fair, like the brow of beauty, and serene
Art thou to look upon ! on either side
The open fields extend their mantles green,
Whilst in the midst rolls on thy gentle tide !
Adown thy stream the stranger loves to glide,
Until thy windings reach the distant shore
Where stands the palace in its modest pride,*
And generous Harcourt of his plenteous store
Dispenses to the poor—who ne'er in vain implore !

* Bishopthorpe.

Yet has thy course, sweet river, oft been marked
With scenes of woe, though fair and peaceful now !
And those who, full of life and hope, embarked,
Found unexpected death beneath thy flow !

A family bereft by one sad blow !¹⁵

Brothers and sisters swept at once away,
In one wide grave are now reposing low !

Sad was the history “of a summer’s day,”

Nor youth nor beauty could debar thee of thy prey !

But to our city must we now return,

The city of our birth, our choice, our love !

For which our inward heart must ever yearn,

Though fate compels in distant lands to rove !

Here must our wanderings finish, like the dove

Sent on the world of waters ! here repose

Our best affections, which may things approve

Of earthly mould ; and not absorbing those

Which soar to higher spheres, and gild life’s dying
close !

Thrice favoured City ! privileged art Thou
Above thy sister cities ! temples rear,
On every hand, their pinnacles to show
What blessings may be Thine ! Alas, I fear
Thou art not what Thou shouldst be ! Hark ! I hear
A voice that whispers of a world to come !
If Sodom and Gomorrah should appear
Against Thee then ! O what will be Thy doom !
The days which thou hast seen will but increase Thy
gloom !

But I have better hopes of Thee, and long
To see the time when every heart shall beat
In pious emulation ! and the song
Of praise employ each tongue ! 'tis surely meet
'Mid all the bubbles, unsubstantial, fleet,
That float on life's rough surface ; all the schemes
Engendered in the politician's heat
Of momentary madness (such it seems),
Man with himself commune, and fly delusive dreams !

The voice of Reason whispers *It is time !*
Thy fallen towers proclaim it to each breast !
Thy bygone history speaks in strains sublime,
On every hand conviction is imprest !
And can the sceptic ask more faithful test ?
Our churchyards crowded ! what indeed art Thou !
But one vast sepulchre Thyself ! where rest,
As every yard of earth, upturned, would show,
Unnumbered proofs of death's inevitable blow !

There stands the spot retired, now sacred kept
To those who fell in that destructive day,
When the dark wing of Pestilence o'erswept,
And tore the parent and the child away !
Need we still further warnings to obey ?
O was there not, in that tempestuous blast
Which o'er us lately burst in fearful sway,¹⁶
Spreading destruction as it hurried past,
A message to each heart—*the end will come at last !*

Yes, it is time ! the mighty truth proclaim !
Let every heart awaken at the sound !
Ebor, arise ! shake off Thy slothful shame !
Let virtue, honour, justice, here abound,
And shed the light of piety around !
This is the last best wish I leave to Thee,
That Thou a new Jerusalem be found !
From guilty crimes of dark debasement free,
Unto this sea-girt isle a bright example be !

City of many trials ! Thou hast been
Exalted high, then hurled as far below !
The theatre of many a changing scene,
When regal splendour sate upon Thy brow !
Past, like a dream, are these ! and what art Thou ?
Stript of Thy glory ! passing to decay !
Yet let true worth and wisdom mark Thee now,
Thou shalt be greater in Thy latter day
Than e'er Thou wert before, in glorious array !

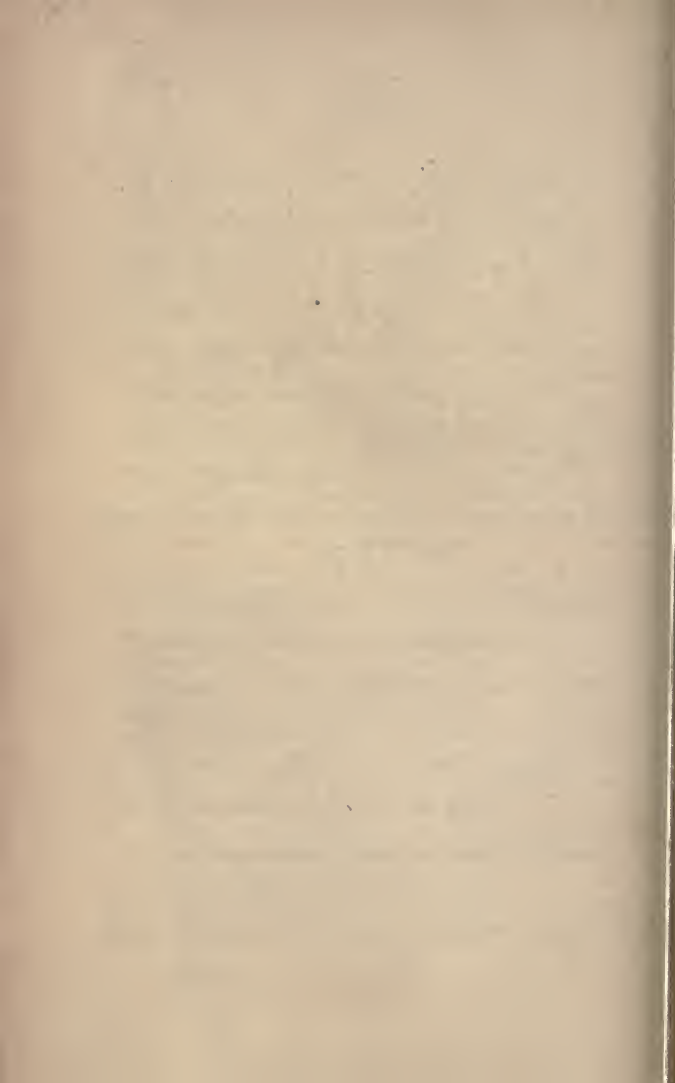
Still ever ready in a righteous cause !
To shield the helpless and uphold the right !
Just to thyself ! obedient to the laws !
Loyal to serve with faith, and heart, and might,
Our much beloved Queen ! and to delight
To show her honour ! long, long may she reign,
And on her pathway, glorious and bright,
May Piety and Peace conduct her train,
And in our deepest hearts undying love maintain !

Like yon fair moon which rides the midnight sky,
With all her starry host around her there,
Who look upon us from their station high,
And shine and circle in their beauty rare,
The power of Him who made them to declare !
Be our Victoria ! in her high place,
The pride of all her people ! who shall bear
Affection which no changes can efface !
Ah ! then may love divine queen, subjects, all embrace !

With deep affection now I bid farewell !
And at Thy feet this humble tribute fling !
Reject it not ! some nobler strain may swell,
Incited by so low an offering !
Then not in vain the nameless bard will sing,
Though dark obscurity surrounds him still ;
Whilst other bards their triumphs here may bring,
And Thou may glory in their better skill,
Despise not him who wants the power but not the will !

And thou, my brother ! who alone didst praise
The first rude efforts of my faltering hand,
Who strove to cheer the gloom of darker days,
Why art thou distant from thy native land ?
Ah ! well I know thy bosom will expand
In love towards the city of our sire !
And if there beats a heart that could withstand
A call so gentle, let that heart retire,
'Twas not for such I dared, unskilled, to strike the
lyre !

NOTES.



NOTES TO PART I.

Note 1, page 6.

Long years have past since Thou, old Ebor! stood.

EBORACUM or York, the metropolis of Eborasliria or Yorkshire, situate at the confluence of the rivers Ouse and Foss, placed near the centre of the island, in the richest, pleasantest, and most extensive valley in Britain, if not in all Europe, draws its original from the earliest ages. The etymology of the name of York, encompassed with such difficulties and uncertainties, must, however, be an evident token of the great antiquity of the place : and if not as old, yet near coeval with London, whose derivation is as little understood. Geofry of Monmouth says that Ebraucus, the son of Mempricius the third king from Brute, did build a city north of Humber, which from his own name he called Kaercbrauc, that is, the city of Ebraucus, about the time that David reigned in Judea, Sylvius Latinus in Italy, and that Gad, Nathan, and Asaph prophesied in Israel, which epoch falls near A. M. 2983, or ante Christian 983. Again, Verstegan, in his book of the restitution of decayed intelligence, says "that the antient Britons call'd the city of York, *Caer efroc* : our ancestors *Eborwic*, *Everwic* and *Eberwic* ; which by vulgar abbreviation might come to *Boric* or *Voric*, and so lastly to York. *Eber* or *Ever* is in the old Saxon wild boar, tho' this latter name be English also : *Wic* is a refuge or retreat, and it may be it had of our ancestors that appellation, as being the refuge or retreat from the wild boars which heretofore might have been in the forest of Galtres which is within a mile of that city, and the more like it is for that there yet remains a toll called *Guyde Lawe* which is paid for cattle at Bowdam Bar a gate of the city so called, and was first paid for the payment of guides which conducted them, belike, to save them from this cruel beast through the said forest."

Others believe that the name of this city is derived from nothing more than the river Eure it stands upon, and then the signification of the word

amounts to no more than a town or city standing or placed upon Eure. Thus the Eberanci, a people of France, sat down by the river Eure, near Eureux, in Normandy, and from thence contracted their names. This is the opinion of that great antiquary Camden; and if the point be cleared that the river Ouse was formerly call'd Ure as low as York, we need look no further for our etymology.—See Drake's *Eloracum*.

Note 2, page 8.

'Twas here that cong'ring Severus paused awhile.

The banished Britons had been so bold, says Geofry of Monmouth, as to advance so far in their conquests as to besiege York, under Fulgenius, or Sulgenius, a Scithian general whom they had drawn over to their aid in order to drive the Romans from all their conquests in the island. Suppose this so far true or not, it is certain by Roman authority, that Virius Lupus, then Proprætor in Britain, was hard put to it to defend himself; for Herodian tells us that he wrote to the Emperor, "informing him of the insurrections and inroads of the barbarians, and the havoc they made far and near, and begging either a greater force or that the Emperor would come over in person." This last was granted: Severus, attended with his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, his whole court, and a numerous army, arrived in Britain in the year 207. Severus was 60 years of age when he undertook this expedition, very infirm, and crippled with the gout, insomuch that he was carried against the Caledonians in a horse litter. But being a man of invincible spirit he despised the danger and bravely overcame it. He penetrated to the extremity of the island, subduing those fierce and barbarous nations hitherto unconquered. But knowing he could not keep them in subjection without a strong army upon the spot, he took hostages of them, and chose rather to build a stone wall of above eighty miles in length and of great strength, in the place where his predecessor Hadrian had thrown up his rampart of earth. Severus is said by Dion, to have lost 50,000 men in this expedition, not slain by the enemy, but starved, killed, and drowned in cutting down woods, draining of bogs, and the like. Severus left his son Caracalla in the north to inspect the building of the wall, and returned to York. Here he took upon himself, and stamped upon his coin the title of *Britannicus Maximus*, a conqueror of the whole island. He lived more than three years in the pretorian palace of this city, for Herodian says that he and his son sat

the Praetorium and gave judgment. When his end was approaching he showed the philosopher in these words—"I have been all, and yet am now no better for it;" then calling for the urn which was to contain his ashes after the Ossilegium or burning of his body, and looking stedfastly upon it, "Thou shalt hold," said he, "what the whole world could not contain." That the memory of him might last in Britain as long as the world, his grateful army with infinite labour raised three large hills in the very place where his funeral rites were performed. Which hills after so many ages being washed with rains and after ploughed, are still very apparent, but must have been much higher than they are at present.—*Ibid.*

Note 3, page 9.

Soon the degen'rate son of Severus fell.

Severus being dead, the government devolved upon his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, and the court still continued at Eboracum. The eldest of these princes, Bassianus, surnamed Caracalla, from the short coats he gave to the soldiers, had as bad a natural disposition as it is possible for one man to be possessed of. He has made it his boast that he "never learned to do good," and indeed the whole course of his life sufficiently shews it. His father left the world not without suspicion of foul play from him, as Dion hints; but be that as it would it is certain he had been tampering with the Emperor's physicians to destroy him, for the first that tasted of his cruelty were those whom he put to death for not obeying his orders in it. The greatest weakness the father ever betrayed was his partiality or blindness to this incorrigible son. Geta was of a different temper from his brother, and was very grateful to the senate and citizens; he had also a powerful party even in the army. Caracalla aspiring to be sole emperor, had resolved upon his brother's death. But to come to the fratricide with more ease and safety to himself, upon a slight pretence of mutiny he caused 20,000 of his soldiery, whom he suspected to be in his brother's interest, to be put to the sword. This done, it was no great difficulty to get the rest to proclaim Geta an enemy to his country, who upon hearing it fled for protection to his mother, Julia. But, alas! it was all in vain, the inhuman butcher followed his bloody purpose, and with his own hand pierced the unhappy prince's heart, even in the arms of her who gave him life.—*Ibid.*

Note 4, page 10.

Within the porch of Ebor's palace fair.

The ground which this imperial palace, the Palatium or Domus Palatina of the Roman Emperor, is supposed to have stood on in our city, extends from Christ's Church down through all the houses and gardens on the east side of Goodramgate, through the Bedern to Aldwark. Constantine the Great is said to have been born in Bederna Civitatis Eboraci, and Constantius to be laid in the now demolished church of St. Helen on the Wall in Aldwark. Rome, in the height of all her grandeur and magnificence, had not a more glorious show to exhibit than the apotheosis or deification of their emperors. Herodian thus describes the ceremony performed for Severus, which took place at Rome. "The image of the dead emperor being exquisitely carved to resemble a sick person, was laid on an ivory bedstead ready furnished, in the porch of his palace. The princes and senators sat all on the left side of the bed, clad in black habits, whilst their ladies, in white robes, sat on the other, the physicians diligently attending. When seven days were ended, as if the body was then just dead, the image was taken up by the prime nobility, with the bed, and carried into the forum, where all the praetorian youths and noble virgins encompassed it, singing most doleful hymns and dirges. From thence the image, &c. was removed to the field of Mars, where a frame of timber was erected, of a very great compass and height, the gradations still ascending pyramidically to the top, richly adorned with gold and purple ornaments, and statues of great art and price. On the second of these ascents was placed the imperial bed and image, with a prodigious quantity of odorific gums and perfumes. The young nobility ride round the pile in a kind of dance, whilst others represented great kings and princes in their chariots. His successor first put fire to the frame, and after him the people, on all sides, did the like. When all was in a blaze, an eagle, secretly enclosed within, was let fly out of the top of the pile, the multitude following its flight with shouts and prayers, supposing that therewith the emperor was mounted into heaven." (The ceremony at York had this difference only, that at Rome an image of Severus was substituted, but at York it was done on the real body of Constantius himself.)—*Ibid.*

Note 5, page 11.

The first faint threatenings of its future fate.

It was not long after their deserting Britain that the sometime dreadful Roman name and arm, which, for many ages, had spread terror and conquest through the then Roman world, was torn in pieces, lost, sunk, and buried in an abyss never to rise again. Rome is still in Italy, and Eboracum is York : but alas ! how mutilated from both their former states may be easily conjectured.

Unhappy men, to mourn our life's short date,
When cities, realms, and empires share our fate.

Ibid.

Note 6, page 12.

The Saxon chiefs await what justice may demand.

When the Roman power had forsaken Britain, the Picts and Scots, with more confidence than ever, like flies and vermin in the heat of summer, issued out of their holes and caves, and immediately seized on all the country, which, without much resistance, they made themselves masters of. In this emergency the British princes assembled in council, and it was determined, since no succour could be expected from the Romans now, to call in the Saxons, which at that time held the highest reputation for strength and valour. They can never be blamed for this resolution, the exigencies of their affairs required it, nor would the consequences have been any ways to their disadvantage had not Vortigern, their inconsiderate king, instead of giving the Saxons their stipulated pay and sending them home again after they had done their work, allowed them a settlement in the island. It was not long after that they felt the sting of the snake which they had taken into their bosom, and the Britons roused from their lethargy and having an able and experienced general of their own natural royal stock at their head, fell upon the Saxons and defeated them in four several battles. Aurelius coming before York, summoned Oeta, the son of the Saxon general who was already slain in battle, to surrender. The young prince, terrified no doubt by his father's fate, consulted with his friends whether he should stand a siege or not ; at length determining to try the victor's clemency, he came out of the city with his principal captains, carrying each a chain in his hand and dust upon his

head, and presented himself to the king with this address, " My gods are vanquished, and I doubt not the sovereign power is in your god, who has compelled so many noble persons to come before you in this suppliant manner: be pleased therefore to accept of us and this chain, if you do not think us fit objects of your clemency, we here present ourselves ready to be fettered, and are willing to undergo any punishment you shall judge us worthy of." Aurelius, who had equally the character of a merciful as well as a valiant prince, could not hear this without being moved, and granted free pardon to them all.—*Ibid.*

Note 7, page 13.

*Then Arthur reigned, whose inexperienced youth
Aroused once more the Saxon bands to war.*

Arthur was crowned king of Britain at eighteen years of age. The Saxons took advantage of his youth to make another attempt upon Britain. Arthur was victorious in all his battles, yet had the misfortune at last to be slain in a rebellion of his own subjects, and by the hands of his own nephew.—*Ibid.*

Note 8, page 13.

And is, bespilt with blood, within our city found!

The Danes, in order to invade Britain, got together a mighty fleet, and set sail and entered the Humber with safety, when, landing their forces as near York as they could, they marched directly to it, and took it with much ease. Osbert and Ella, two rival kings of Northumberland, having on this occasion laid aside their private quarrels and united their forces, marched to attack the Danes, even in the city itself, where a cruel fight ensued in the very midst of it. The two kings having beat down the walls, fell upon the Danes with such fury that they made a most prodigious slaughter of them and drove them to the last extremity. Their despair at this time occasioned their victory, says Asser Menerensis, for pressing in their turn the Saxons lost ground, and their two kings happening to be slain, the victory entirely fell to the Danes. In this conflict the city was wholly destroyed by the enraged barbarians, and in it, not only all the inhabitants, but all those who, upon the news of the invasion, sought refuge there, miserably perished. The battle, says R. Hoveden, was fought on the 21st day of March, A. D. 867. Asser Menerensis describes this

dreadful calamity in this manner: By the general's cruel orders they knocked down and cut the throats of all the boys, young and old men, that they met in the streets of the city. Matrons and virgins were ravished at pleasure. The husband and wife either dead or dying, were tossed together. The infant snatched from its mother's breast, was carried to the threshold, and there left butchered at its parents' door, to make the general victory more hideous.—*Ibid.*

Note 9, page 14.

Now Godram governed here as deputy.

The Danes pushed their conquests southward and made one Godram or Guthurn, a Danish officer, as deputy to act in their defence, and left a garrison under him in the city. There is a street in York which still retains the name of this captain, called Godram or Guthramgate, which also tradition tells us comes from a Danish general's residing in it, and as it lies near where the old royal palace once stood, it is not improbable that this is the true derivation. But if any one quarrel with the etymology, let him produce an apter, from any other language, if he can.—*Ibid.*

Note 10, page 14.

Until the traitor Saxon Egbert came.

The Danes, not willing to trust the government of Northumberland under any other form than kingly, on their return to York from their southern conquests, constituted one Egbert, a Saxon, but one entirely devoted to their services, King of Northumberland. Egbert was soon deprived of his sovereignty, and one Rigsidge or Ricsisius, a Dane, had the government conferred upon him, but he being murdered by the populace at York, according to Simeon of Durham, Egbert was again restored.—*Ibid.*

Note 11, page 15.

Victorious Athelstan next rose to power.

Athelstan, the rightful king of Britain, recovered the possession of Northumberland from the Danes and became sole monarch of England, during which time he conferred those honours on the churches of St. John of Beverley and St. Wilfred at Ripon, which the monkish histories are so full of. He died in perfect tranquillity, and left his whole dominions

to Edmund the eldest of the legitimate sons of Edward surnamed the Elder, himself dying without issue.—*Ibid.*

Note 12, page 15.

In Harold's reign the fierce Norwegian came.

Tosti, the brother of Harold king of England, having, on account of his rebellious spirit, to flee from the country, was overtaken at sea by a storm which drove him on the coast of Norway. The king of Norway having just fitted out his fleet in order to extend his conquests, was persuaded by Tosti to invade England. Greedy of fame and already devouring in his imagination so glorious a prize, he wanted little solicitation to draw him to it. With a fleet of near six hundred sail they entered the Humber, and brought their ships against the stream of the river Ouse as far as Rickall or Rich-hall, within six miles of York. Here they landed and moored their vessels. Having landed their forces they marched directly towards York, which they took by storm, after a sore conflict with Morchar the governor, and Edwin earl of Chester, his brother, who had hastily raised a few forces to intercept them. This defeat happened on the eve of St. Matthew, A.D. 1066, at Foulford, a village a mile south east of the city, where, says H. Huntingdon, the place of battle is yet shown. Harold, king of England, was no ways backward in his preparations to stop the progress of this dangerous invasion, but brought down to York a puissant army immediately after the enemy had taken it. At his approach they withdrew their forces from the city, taking with them five hundred hostages of the principal inhabitants, whom they sent under a strong guard on board their ships, and left, says Milton, one hundred and fifty of their own in it. They entrenched themselves in so extraordinary a manner, that it seemed impossible to dislodge them. For they had the river Derwent in their front and on their right hand, not fordable, with only a wooden bridge to pass over by; their left was flanked by the river Ouse, where lay their navy ready to retire to in case of necessity; and their backs secured by the German ocean. In this situation they thought themselves secure from any human force dislodging them. But Harold, notwithstanding the great disadvantage, was resolved to attack them in their trenches, and the event shows that nothing can be too hard for valour joined with conduct. The fight began by daybreak, and the attempt so desperate to pass the bridge, that one single Norwegian, for which our

historians have justly made his fame immortal, stopped the passage to all Harold's army for three hours together, and slew forty of his men with his own hand. At last this hardy fellow being slain by a dart flung at him, say some, or as others write, by one in a boat who got under the bridge and thrust him in the body with a spear, the Norwegians gave way, dismayed with the loss of their champion, and retiring to their trenches, suffered all Harold's army to pass the river. The extraordinary valour of this hero that stopped the bridge will hardly be credited by posterity, says William of Malmesbury, for standing in the midst of it he suffered none to pass over, and slew all that attempted it or came within his reach. Being desired to yield himself up to the English king with large promises of reward, adequate to such mighty strength and valour, he sternly smiled at the proffer, and despised both it and the weakness of those that let one single man resist them all. The champion being slain, as I said, and the English army passed the bridge, Harold drew up his men and attacked the enemy's trenches sword in hand, where a most bloody and obstinate fight ensued. The aforementioned historian writes, that there had never been seen in England an engagement between two such armies, each containing sixty thousand men: *pugna ingens*, adds he, *utrisque gentibus extrema mentibus*. This battle lasted from seven in the morning till three in the afternoon, with all the fury imaginable, no quarter being asked or received during this dreadful conflict. The victory fell to Harold, the English king; the king of Norway and Tosti were slain, with the destruction of their whole army. For of five or six hundred ships that brought them to England, twenty-three served to carry back the miserable remains that were spared from slaughter, which the victor suffered to depart with Claus, the king of Norway's son, and Paul earl of Orkney, who had escaped the battle by being set to guard the ships. Harold, however, made them deliver up their hostages safe, the citizens of York, and take a solemn oath never to disturb his dominions again. This battle was fought within six miles of York eastward, at a place now called Stamford Bridge, on the 23rd of September, 1066. After the conquest, the village had the name of *Ponsbelli*, or Battle Bridge, given it to perpetuate the memory of this great overthrow. However it now retains its ancient name and no remembrance of the fight except a piece of ground on the left hand of the bridge called Battle Flats at this day. I must not forget that the inhabitants of

this village have a custom at an annual feast to make pies in the form of a swill, or swine tub, which tradition says was made use of by the man who struck the Norwegian from under the bridge, instead of a boat. This may be true, for the river being but lately made navigable up here on the Derwent, a boat was not easily to be had to perform the exploit in. The bridge also continued to be a wooden one, till falling greatly to decay, it was taken down and a new one begun and finished, about a hundred yards below the old one, at the county charge, A.D. 1727.—*Ibid.*

Note 13, page 20.

William is on our shore, whilst Harold sits in state.

Harold's great joy for the gaining of this signal victory was of a very short date; returning to York that night, he gave orders for solemn feasts and rejoicings to be begun the next day with all the magnificence imaginable. He had scarce begun his triumphs when a messenger arrived from the south, who told him as he sat in this city in great state, at a magnificent entertainment, that Duke William was landed with a mighty army at Pevensey, near Hastings, in Sussex. Harold immediately hastened to oppose him, when his whole army was cut in pieces, and himself shot through the brains with an arrow.—*Ibid.*

Note 14, page 21.

And with unsparing hand in slavish chains enthrall.

William's mercy was soon found to be a copy of his countenance. His title to the crown was by the longest sword, and he well employed the sharpest in sustaining it. A true Briton must startle at the bare mention of such a tyrant, who without any right or colour of right, first invaded, possessed, and afterwards maintained that possession by the most horrid acts of cruelty imaginable.—*Ibid.*

Note 15, page 21.

And, castles stormed, with sword in hand they meet.

The Danes coming to the assistance of the citizens, they made a desperate attack on both the castles at one time. A miserable slaughter ensued, and all the Norman garrison was cut in pieces.—*Ibid.*

Note 16, page 22.

*Then war o'erwhelm'd Thee, and on every side
Let loose its fiery powers to bring Thee down.*

William was not slack in his proceedings against York, for when he heard of the destruction of the Norman garrison, he spurred on to take vengeance with all the fury imaginable. He was often heard to say, in his march to the north, that *by God's splendour*, his usual oath, *he would not leave a soul of them alive*. But Waltheof, son of the valiant Siward, who had been made governor, set at nought his threats and sent him a brave defiance. The governor himself, says William of Malmesbury, a man of prodigious might and strength, stood single in the breach, and cut off the heads of several of the Normans who attempted to enter with his own hands. At length the city was reduced by famine, after being besieged from Michaelmas to Lady Day.

Note 17, page 24.

And darkness dwelt where all so late was bright.

We have now a gap of time which it is impossible to fill up with any materials to the purpose. Our city lay dead, as it were, after William's cruel usage, near an age, for few signs of life can I meet with in history about it.—*Ibid.*

Note 18, page 25.

The spot where England's wealth and beauty were arrayed.

About 1140, the city had recovered from its degradation, and now, instead of terrible wars, fire, famine, murders, and desolations which I have been all along obliged to stick to in these historical annals for many ages past; the tables are turned to give an account of parliaments, conventions, coronations, royal marriages, which our city has been honoured with in some succeeding years to this period.—*Ibid.*

Note 19, page 27.

Where shall the helpless sons of Israel fly?

In the reign of Richard, king of England, and at his coronation, an accident happened of singular concern to our city, and attended with such circumstances as history can scarce parallel. A particular account of which, taken chiefly from William of Newburgh, and Walter Heming-

ford, canon of Gisburgh, both Yorkshire monks, who are naturally led to be copious in relating the transactions of their own country, cannot be unacceptable to the reader.

The Jews were a people first introduced into England by William the Conqueror; a tribe of these must have placed themselves at York soon after, where by trade they were grown so immensely rich, that they were found to be worth the plundering both by prince and people, as oft as they could form an excuse for that purpose. The fear they constantly lived under made them take all opportunities, by rich presents, &c., to ingratiate themselves with the reigning prince that they might securely live under his protection. Which favour was sometimes hard to gain, so zealously affected to the Christian religion were our former English kings, that they could not bear an open avowed enemy to it to live amongst them. The naturalising of these people and making them free denizens of England was reserved for a later age to enact. Richard the First was as zealous a Christian as ever sat upon the English throne, and as bitter an enemy to its opponents. Notwithstanding which the Jews were undisturbed, but abhorring their religion, and as my authority speaks, doubting some sorcery or other sinister end from them, he strictly commanded, that at his coronation, no Jews whatever should appear, either at church or at dinner.

Some of the richest and principal men of the Jews in the kingdom were summoned from all parts where they resided, by their brethren in London, to come up to the coronation, and present some very rich gift to the new king, in order to procure his friendship towards them, for confirming the privileges and liberties granted them by his predecessors. The chiefs of the Jews at York were two very rich and wealthy merchants, and very great usurers, called Benedict and Jocenus. These went from hence to London with a pompous retinue, in order to meet their brethren, and attend the coronation. Notwithstanding the king's injunction, many of the Jews had the curiosity to mix with the crowd in order to see the ceremony; where, being discovered by the guards, they were beat and abused, and some few slain. The people, who watched all opportunities to plunder their houses, took it presently for granted that the king had given orders that they should all be destroyed. Possessed with this notion, a general massacre began in London, where the Jews were murdered, their houses plundered, and burnt to the ground with their wives and

children in them. The king ordered immediately a proclamation to stop these proceedings on the severest penalties; but for all that the example of the metropolis was followed by divers other places in the realm, as at Norwich, Lynn, Stamford, but especially at York; where, says my authors, the cruel commands of the fiercest tyrant, the rigour of the severest laws, could never have so far exceeded the bounds of reason and humanity, as to tolerate such a proceeding.

Benedict and Jocenus, our Jews of York, it seems, had the curiosity to go among the rest to see the ceremony; Benedict was grievously bruised and wounded in the conflict, and being dragged into the church was there forced to renounce Judaism and be baptised. The next day he was brought before the king, who demanded of him whether he was a Christian or no? Benedict answered that he had been forced into baptism, but that he continued a Jew in his heart, and ever should do; that he chose much rather to suffer death at his hands, since the severe usage he had undergone the day before informed him that he could not long survive it. At which words being driven from the king's presence, he was restored to the Jews, but the miserable man soon after expired.

Jocenus, his companion, had the good fortune to escape the fury in London; but where he thought himself the safest, he met with a much worse fate at York. The king soon after going on his voyage to the Holy Land, had left orders with the lord chancellor to protect the Jews, and punish severely all that should offend them. But this was little regarded at York; for a conspiracy was formed against them by several of the city, and county; men thirsting for blood, says my authorities, who wanted but an opportunity to put their cruel design into execution. A considerable part of the city took fire in a very boisterous night, by accident as was supposed, but rather imagined to be done on purpose, that the citizens being busy in extinguishing the flames, might not obstruct their barbarous intentions. In this interval the conspirators broke into the house of Benedict, slain at London, which being prodigiously strong, his wife and children had made a sanctuary of, as dreading some commotion. But this being overcome by engines prepared for that purpose, they entered and murdered the whole family, gutted the house, and afterwards set fire to it and burnt it down to the ground. An alarm of this kind struck all the Jews at York with the utmost terror, but Jocenus especially dreaded their fury so much, that he got leave of the governor

to convey all his vast bulk of wealth into the castle ; as if it had belonged to the king and was under his protection. In a very few days, these night robbers and plunderers, with greater force and fury, returned and attacked the house of Jocenus, which, though strongly fortified with considerable towers, underwent the same fate with the former ; except that the Jew, presaging evil, had withdrawn himself, wife, and children, into the castle. His example was followed by all the rest of the Jews in the city ; leaving few, or none, nor any of their goods, behind them. The robbers being enraged at the loss of so much plunder, which they had already devoured in their minds, threw off all disguise, or any fear of magistrates or laws, and not being content with the destruction of their houses, flew like madmen on some Jews that were left out of the castle, and either forced them to be baptised or suffer immediate death. Whilst this was acting in the city, the multitude of Jews that had taken sanctuary in the castle, seemed to be perfectly secured from the malice of their enemies. But it happened that the governor coming out of the castle upon some business of his own, when he would have returned, was prevented by the Jews, who feared that in this time he might have made some agreement with their enemies to deliver them up. The governor went immediately to the high sheriff of the county,* who was then in York negotiating the king's affairs, and told him that the Jews, under pretence of begging protection in the castle, had fraudulently shut him out of it. The high sheriff was angry to the last degree, which was still inflamed by those near him, who wished the Jews no good, by saying that it was the highest indignity to the person of the king himself, to have one of the most considerable fortresses in the kingdom seized by these miscreants. He instantly ordered out the writ of posse comitatus to raise the country to besiege the castle. *Excurrit irrevocabile verbum*, says Hemingford, and now was shewn the zeal, adds he, of the Christian populace ; for an innumerable company of armed men, as well from the city as the county, rose at once and begirt the fortress round. When the high sheriff saw this, he began to repent of his too hasty order, and would fain have recalled his writ ; but to those incensed people, whatever he could say or do, by authority or reason, was to no purpose. The better or wiser sort of the citizens, aware of the king's displeasure, cautiously

* The high sheriff of this county 1 Richard I. was Randal de Glarville.

avoided these extravagant proceedings. A great many of the clergy, however, were in it; and amongst them a certain friar, agitated by a furious zeal, was violent in the business. The castle was fairly assailed for several days together, and no one bolder in all attempts than this canon hermit of the Praemonstratensian order, as my authors style him; for clad in a white vesture he was everywhere diligent, and crying out with a loud voice that *the enemies of Christ should be destroyed*, by his own labour and boldness he greatly encouraged the rest of the besiegers. But being too strenuous in his endeavours in fixing the battering engines against the walls, he came so near them that a large stone put an end to his zeal, by dashing out his brains. The Jews being driven to great distress, held a council amongst themselves what was to be done: they had offered a mighty sum of money only to escape with their lives, but it was rejected. When a certain rabbi, or doctor of the law, who was come from foreign parts to teach and instruct the Jews, stood up amongst them and said, "Men of Israel, our God, whose laws I have prescribed to you, commands that we should at any time die for our law; and behold now death looks us in the face, and we have but to choose whether we should lead a base and scandalous life, or take the best method to come at a gallant and glorious death. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, at their own will and pleasure we must die; but our Creator, when he gave us life, did also enjoin us with our own hands, and of our own accord, we should devoutly restore it to him again, rather than wait on the cruelty of any enemy. This many of our brethren in many great tribulations have bravely performed; they knew how to do it, and the most decent manner of execution is pointed out to us." Many of the Jews embraced the dreadful counsel of the rabbins; but the rest thought his advice much too harsh, and would not consent. The elder perceiving this said, "Those that this good and pious course displeases, let them separate and be cut off from the holy congregation; we, for the sake of our paternal law, despise the love of transitory life!" Several withdrew upon this, and chose rather to enjoy the victor's clemency, than follow the rabbin's advice. Before they began to execute the horrid sentence, the elder commanded that all the rich household goods, stuff, and garments, should be publicly burnt. Nay, even their plate, which would not suffer by the fire, was by an artful and malicious method, strangely damnified, lest the enemy should be enriched by their spoils. This done,

and fire put to all the towers of the castle, whilst their companions who had chosen life looked sullenly on, each man prepared for the slaughter. Being told by their elder that those who bore the steadiest minds should first cut the throats of their wives and children, the celebrated Jocenus began the execution by doing that barbarous act on his own wife, whom our historians call Anna, and five children. The example was speedily followed by the rest of masters of families; and afterwards the rabbin cut the throat of Jocenus himself, as a point of honour he chose to do him above the rest. In short, the whole crew of miserable men, who had thus voluntarily given themselves up to destruction, slew themselves or one another, and amongst the rest fell their impious adviser.

In the mean time the fire that had been put to the castle raged much; which those poor Jews who had chosen life endeavoured as much as possible to quell. At daybreak the besiegers thronged as usual to assault the fortress; when the wretched remains of the massacre within stood upon the walls, and in a most lamentable manner declared the horrid catastrophe of their brethren. They threw their dead bodies over the walls, to convince them of it; and, in a most suppliant and moving manner, begged mercy, with an assurance of all of them turning Christians. But the heads and ringleaders of these merciless bloodhounds, of whom one Richard, says my author, called for his beastiality *mala bestia*, was the chief, took no compassion on their sufferings. However, feigning a concern, the Jews let them into the castle, which was no sooner done than they slew every one of the poor creatures, who, adds my author, to the last cried out for baptism. The worthy explicit performed, the heroes ran strait to the cathedral church, where the bonds the Christians were bound to the Jews in for money were deposited; and violently broke open the chests, took and burnt all the writings in the midst of the church, and thus set themselves and many more free from their avaricious usury. And after all each man went his way, the soldiers to their colours, and the commons to their houses, in as much joy and triumph as if they had done the gallantest and most meritorious action. This massacre happened at York on the eleventh of March, 1189-90. William of Newburgh writes that there were five hundred men took sanctuary in the castle, besides women and children; if so, this slaughter must be very considerable; it cannot be computed that less than one thousand or fifteen hundred persons were destroyed.—*Ibid.*

Note 20, page 30.

And lay it at her feet—a bridal offering.

In the year of our Lord 1251, the thirty-fifth of King Henry III., came that monarch to York in order to marry his daughter, just then marriageable, to Alexander the young king of Scotland; and to see the ceremony performed with that grandeur and magnificence, that the nuptials betwixt two such extraordinary persons deserved. Soon after this the sudden deaths of this young king and queen, with those of a son and daughter, their whole stock of children followed so quick as to make a continuation of mourning, says Buchanan, in that kingdom. And reason enough for it; the royal line failing by this mortality, opened a door for so many titles to enter and make their claim, as tore the whole nation to pieces. In this competition Baliol and Bruce were the most remarkable claimants.—*Ibid.*

Note 21, page 32.

To William de Selby gave his sword.

A.D. 1389 came King Richard to York, says Knighton, in order to accommodate some differences which had arisen betwixt the archbishop, the dean and chapter, and the mayor and commonalty of the city. The affair was of great consequence, but the king, by excellent management, perfectly settled it, and, as my authority speaks, was so favourable to the citizens as to grant them almost all they desired of him. It was at this time that our own records speak King Richard took his sword from his side and gave it to be borne before William de Selby, as first lord mayor of York. Richard was afterwards deposed and murdered in Pomfret or Pontefract castle, by eight ruffians who set upon him with pole axes, Richard wrested one of the axes from the murderers and laid four of them dead at his feet, but he was at length overpowered by numbers and killed on the spot.—*Ibid.*

Note 22, page 34.

And here he found a ready advocate.

During the turbulent reign of Charles the First, our city's loyalty was in an especial manner exemplified to its injured sovereign quite through those dreadful scenes of blood and misery; and deserved a more lasting memorial than any pen can bestow upon it.—*Ibid.*

Note 23, page 37.

Though Glemham bravely fought and won renown.

Sir Thomas Glemham, the governor, having done as much as man could do in defence of the city, after a siege of eighteen weeks, in which he had valiantly withstood twenty-two storms, four countermines, and slain four or five thousand of the enemy before it; having but a small garrison, most of the artillery drawn out and lost at Marston Moor, little or no warlike ammunition left, and lastly, deserted by the best and bravest men, thought fit to render up the city on the following articles:—

1. That Sir Thomas Glemham, as governor of the city of York, shall surrender and deliver up the same, with the forts, tower, cannon, ammunition, and furniture of war belonging thereunto on the 16th of July instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to the three generals, or to whom they shall appoint, for the use of the king and parliament, in the manner and upon the conditions following.

2. That all the officers shall march forth out of the city with their arms, drums beating, colours flying, match lighted, bullet in mouth, bag and baggage.

3. That they shall have a convoy that no injury be done them in their march to Skipton.

4. That sick and maimed soldiers shall not be hindered from going after their recoveries.

5. That all soldiers' wives and children may have liberty to go to their husbands, and fathers to their own homes and estates, and to enjoy them peaceably under contribution.

6. That no soldier shall be enticed away.

7. That the citizens and inhabitants may enjoy all their privileges which formerly they did at the beginning of their troubles, and may have freedom of trade both by sea and land, paying such duties and customs as all other cities under obedience of parliament.

8. That if any garrison shall be placed in the city, two parts in three shall be Yorkshiremen; no free quarter shall be put upon any without his own consent, and the armies shall not enter the city before the governor and lord mayor be acquainted.

9. That in all charges the citizens, residents and inhabitants, shall bear only such part with the county at large as was formerly in all other assessments.

10. That all citizens, gentlemen, residents, sojourners, and every other person within the city, shall, if they please, have free liberty to remove themselves, family, and goods, and to dispose thereof and their estates at pleasure, according to the law of the land, either to live at their own homes or elsewhere, and to enjoy their goods and estates without molestation, and to have protection and safeguard for that purpose; so that they may rest quietly at their abodes, and travel safely and freely about their occasions. And for their better removal may have letters of safe conduct, and be furnished with horses and carriages at reasonable rates.

11. That all gentlemen and others that have goods within the city, and are absent themselves, may have free liberty to take, carry away, and dispose of them as in the foregoing articles.

12. That neither churches nor other buildings shall be defaced, nor any plunderings, nor taking of any man's person, nor any part of his estate suffered; and that justice shall be administered within the city by the magistrates according to law, who shall be asserted therein, if need require, by the garrison.

13. That all persons whose dwellings are in the city, though now absent, may enjoy the benefits of these articles as if they were present.

(Signed)

Ferd. Fairfax.

Manchester.

Adam Hepborne.

Lord Humbee

Thos. Glemham.

Will. Constable.

NOTES TO PART II.

Note 1, page 41.

When from some neighb'ring hill's ascending brow:

PERHAPS the best point of observation is from Lamel Hill, near the Quakers' Retreat, from whence the whole city seems stretched before the eye, and presents a scene at once beautiful and picturesque.

Note 2, page 43.

*Thrice fifty years were short enough to raise
The glorious temple of thy majesty.*

If we compute the time it was in the course of building, from the commencement of the South Cross by Walter Grey, about the year 1227, to the completion of the Lantern Tower in about 1380, it will appear to have occupied a period of one hundred and fifty years; and during all these different erections, such care was taken in the joining and uniting of the various parts, that the whole seems one entire edifice, though composed of five different orders of architecture.

Note 3, page 44.

Thee, whom the Heaven of Heavens can not enfold.

In adapting the words used by Solomon, in the dedication of the temple, to his own verse, the Author cannot but feel how far short all modern composition falls compared with the inspired language of the king of Israel. "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded."—(1 Kings, chap. viii. v. 27.)

Note 4, page 51.

The gift of five fair sisters! goodly band!

The form of this window, as well as the designs of the painted glass, is singular. Tradition assures us that it was given to the Cathedral by

five maiden sisters, answering to the number of lights, who also worked the pattern of the stained glass in embroidery or needlework. Hence it is called "the five sisters."—*Stranger's Guide*.

Note 5, page 51.

And high ascending flames declared it to the view.

This lamentable catastrophe was the work of an incendiary, named Jonathan Martin, a native of Hexham, in Northumberland, who was apprenticed to a tanner; was subsequently a sailor; but had, for some time previous to this nefarious act, obtained his livelihood by hawking about a pamphlet, containing a narrative of his life. He entertained the most absurd and fanatical opinions on religion. The clergy of the establishment were the particular objects of his vituperation, whom he denominated blind guides, and accused of leading the higher ranks of society astray. What motive induced him to set fire to the minster, it is impossible to say; but he alleged that he was prompted to it by two dreams. He accomplished his purpose by concealing himself in the minster, during divine service, on Sunday, the 1st of February, having first provided himself with a razor, which he used as a steel, some tinder, matches, and a penny candle. The latter having burnt out before he had concluded his operations, he procured a wax candle, which had been used in the minster the previous evening. The ringers were in the belfrey in the evening, and after they had gone, he went to the belfrey, where he struck a light, and having lit his candle, he cut about ninety feet from the rope of the prayer-bell, which he converted into a ladder, by tying knots at certain distances, and made use of it to obtain access to the interior of the choir. There he first cut away the gold fringe ornaments from the pulpit, and the velvet from the archbishop's throne, and the dean's and precentor's seats. His object in taking these, he said, was, that they might be evidence against him that he did the deed. He next piled all the cushions, surplices, and books which he could get, in two heaps, one near the archbishop's throne, and the other near the organ, and set fire to them. He then made his escape, by breaking one of the windows, (to which he ascended by means of the machine used for cleaning the minster,) and letting himself down by the knotted rope. He took with him the gold fringe, velvet, and a small bible. The fire was discovered by a lad named Swinbank, who saw smoke issuing from the roof. He gave an

alarm, when it was found that the fire had extended along the whole of the south side of the choir; and although the most prompt assistance was given, yet it was found impossible to save any portion of the wood-work in that part of this noble edifice. The roof caught fire from the organ; and by half-past eleven o'clock, the whole of the beautiful tabernacle work of carved oak, which adorned the prayer-house, the stalls, the pulpit, the cathedra, the fine organ, and the roof, were destroyed; nothing remaining but a mass of burning ruins, which covered the floor, and transformed this part of the cathedral into a vast ignited furnace. The clustered columns of the choir, which are of magnesian limestone, were considerably injured; so were some of the monuments. The utmost sympathy was evinced by all classes of the inhabitants, for the destruction of this part of the cathedral, which was endeared to them by the holiest ties, for there their forefathers had worshipped for ages past, and there they had been wont to assemble to pray and praise. Addresses of condolence were voted to the dean and chapter by the lord mayor and corporation, and the citizens at large; and a subscription was opened to defray the expenses of rebuilding the portion which was destroyed, the estimated expense of which was £65,000. We must not forget to add, that the investigation which was set on foot into the causes of the fire, fixed the guilt so clearly on Martin, that a reward was offered for his apprehension; and he was taken the Friday following, at Codlaw-hill, the residence of a relation, named Kell, about three miles from Hexham. On the following Monday morning, about half-past three, he arrived in York; was examined immediately before the magistrates for the Liberty of St. Peter, and committed to the City Gaol. At the ensuing assizes, true bills were found against him for arson and felony; and on the 31st of March he took his trial at the Castle, before Mr. Baron Hullock. He was acquitted, after an investigation which continued nine hours, on the ground of insanity; and was afterwards removed to St. Luke's Hospital, London, where he since died.—*Ibid.*

Note 6, page 55.

Scarborough! wert thy name unknown before.

The new organ was given to the minster by the late Right Hon. and Rev. John Lumley Saville, earl of Scarborough. The builders were Messrs. Elliot and Hill, of London, and the merit of planning and per-

forming on this splendid instrument is due to that talented musician, Dr. Camidge, of York.

Note 7, page 58.

The deeds of former days! Rufus the Red.

The ruins of St. Mary's Abbey are pleasantly situated behind the Manor House, on the north-west side of the walls, gently sloping to the river Ouse, now called the Manor Shore: no place near the city could be better calculated for the purpose of such an establishment. In the general conflagration which happened at York, in 1137, the original fabric, founded by William Rufus, in 1088, was totally destroyed, and permitted to lie in ruins until the year 1270, when Simon de Warwick, then abbot, commenced the rebuilding of it, which he lived to see completed in twenty-two years. What at present remains is part of that grand edifice; and though inconsiderable in respect of what it was, is yet sufficient to shew it to have been one of the most elegant structures in the kingdom.—*Stranger's Guide.*

Note 8, page 60.

See! there her temple stands.

The Yorkshire Philosophical Society was founded in 1822, and having greatly increased, in 1826 it petitioned the Crown for a grant of three acres of land on the Manor Shore, stating as its objects the erection of a suitable building, the establishment of a botanic garden, and the preservation of the venerable relics of the abbey of St. Mary, which occupy a portion of the site. The first stone of the Yorkshire Museum was laid by his Grace the Archbishop of York, on the 24th of October, 1827.

Note 9, page 60.

The house on which a deathless name is set.

The Yorkshire School for the Education of the Blind owes its origin to a meeting held in this city, on the 3d of October, 1833, for the purpose of considering the most effectual means of doing honour to the memory of William Wilberforce, who represented this great county in six successive parliaments during a period of twenty-eight years, and industriously exerted his abilities to the latest hour of his life in the genuine spirit of Christianity for the attainment of objects of the most enlarged benevo-

lence. The meeting was attended by the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York, and a great number of the noblemen, gentlemen, and clergy of the county of York, and resolutions were adopted and subscriptions raised for the founding of this benevolent institution, as the most appropriate monument which could be raised to the memory of the benevolent Wilberforce.

The governors of the institution succeeded in obtaining a lease from the crown, for ninety-nine years, of the Manor House, with the gardens and grounds attached to it, and on the 6th of October, 1835, the two first pupils were admitted into it. There are now about twenty pupils, male and female, who are all instructed in useful employments. The girls are engaged in knitting and needlework; many of them execute in a superior manner a variety of fancy knitting, and some of them sew very neatly. The boys are under the care of a basket-maker, and make very rapid progress; they manufacture every description of baskets, of the finest texture, which meet a ready sale at the regular trade price. The same may be said of the girls' work, as the demand for shawls, &c., manufactured by them is very great. Such of the children as possess a taste for music are placed under the care of a music-master; most of them can join in the air of the common psalm tunes, and several of them can take the different parts in the harmony. One boy, instructed in this school, has occasionally played on the organ in some of the York churches. The whole of the pupils have been taught arithmetic, reading, geography, &c., and some of them have now made very considerable progress in the various branches. In their religious instruction the greatest care is taken; they are punctual in their attendance at public worship on the Lord's day, and in the evenings the master reads religious tracts and other spiritual books to them. Many of them have committed a large portion of the psalms and other parts of the Holy Scriptures to memory.

The institution has now an extensive suite of workshops, lodging-rooms, and other apartments, sufficient for the reception of fifty pupils, together with the master's family: two separate play grounds are set apart in this arrangement for the male and female pupils, and store-rooms are provided for warehousing both the goods manufactured in the school and the raw materials. The accommodations thus reserved for present use are situated in the centre of the building; and whenever the number of pupils may be increased beyond what is contemplated, the ad-

ditional space required, may be obtained, by adding the right and left wings, which are now let to respectable tenants who pay rent to the institution.

The Rev. William Taylor, a gentleman who has done much in promoting the education of the blind, is the superintendent of the school, and inspects the conduct of the pupils, and also of the instructors and servants, and regulates, under the committee, the method of education. Under his able superintendence, it is to be hoped that the Yorkshire School for the Blind, will prove a deserving memorial of that great philanthropist in honour of whom it was instituted.

A visit to this establishment will well repay the stranger, who will find the greatest readiness on the part of the master and mistress to give every information which can be desired.—*Stranger's Guide*.

Note 10, page 63.

Nor must we pass unsung the noble fane.

The Assembly Rooms were erected in 1730, from a design by the celebrated Lord Burlington, and the foundation stone, part of which is yet seen in one of the cellars, bears a plate with a suitable inscription in Latin to his memory.

Note 11, page 65.

When Scotland lost all claim to chivalry.

It was here that the Scots were paid £200,000 for the part they took in assisting the Parliament against Charles I.—*Stranger's Guide*.

Note 12, page 66.

These grey grown ramparts! often have they stood.

It cannot now be ascertained by whom these once formidable bulwarks were first erected; but from the numerous remains of Roman and other fortifications in and about the city, there can be no doubt that it was kept in a state of defence under these governments. Its walls, however, have been afterwards reduced or entirely destroyed; and the present are generally believed to have been built upon Roman foundations, by Edward I., about the year 1280.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the walls and towers were all in a state of defence, and are thus described at that period by Leland, in his Itinerary:

"The city of York is divided by the river Ouse; but that part which is on the east side is twice as large as that on the west. The great tower at Lendal had a chain of iron to cast over the river, then another tower, and so to Bootham bar; from thence to Monk bar ten towers, and to Layerthorpe postern four towers; for some distance the deep waters of the Foss defended this part of the city without the walls; and from thence to Walmgate bar three towers; then Fishergate bar, walled up in the time of Henry VII., and three towers; the last a postern; from which by a bridge over the Foss, to the castle, or old baile, with nine towers to Micklegate bar; and between it and North-street postern ten towers; the postern was opposite to the tower at Lendal, to draw the chain over the river between them."

Note 13, page 68.

Unhappy Aram! such a fate was thine.

Eugene Aram, a man of considerable learning, and remarkable for his unhappy fate, was born in Yorkshire, 1704. His education consisted in learning to read; but, being of a studious disposition, he made great progress in mathematical studies and polite literature by his own unaided exertions. He acquired the Latin and Greek languages, reading all of the Roman and most of the Greek classics, and also became acquainted with the oriental and Celtic tongues. In 1734, he set up a school at Knaresborough, where he married. About 1745, a shoemaker of that place, named Daniel Clarke, was suddenly missing under suspicious circumstances; and no light was thrown on the matter till full thirteen years afterwards, when an expression dropped by one Richard Housemar respecting a skeleton then discovered in a cave, caused him to be taken into custody as one concerned in the murder of Clarke. From his confession, an order was issued for the apprehension of Aram, who had long since quitted Yorkshire, having been usher, first in a school in London, and afterwards at another at Hayes, in Middlesex, and in 1757 at the grammar school at Lynn, in all which places he had acquitted himself with credit, and prosecuted his studies with great diligence. He was arrested in the latter end of 1758, and brought to trial on the 3d of August 1759, at York, where, notwithstanding an able and eloquent defence which he read to the court, he was satisfactorily convicted of the murder of Clarke, and sentenced to be executed. After his conviction, he con-

essed the justice of his sentence, and alleged his suspicion of an unlawful intercourse between Clarke and his wife, as his motive for the commission of the murder. He attempted to end his life, while in prison, by leeding, but was revived and executed. His case produced at the time great sensation, and has of late been pressed into the service of fiction.

Note 14, page 70.

Fair Isis rolls along its peaceful bed.

Isis, Uys, or Ure, are the ancient names of the river Ouse.

Note 15, page 73.

A family bereft by one sad blow.

The church yard of St. Lawrence, at York, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a monument having been placed there by subscription; to the memory of six children of one family, who were drowned together in the Ouse, August, 1830, by a pleasure boat in which they were, being accidentally run down with a larger vessel. This affecting testimony of friendship has a very handsome appearance. The vault is covered by an entombment in form of a pediment, a squandril in front having a serpent in relief, coiled in a circle, as an emblem of eternity. Above this rises the basement of the ground-work of the monument, whereon stand two massy square stone pillars, elegantly carved in front with ivy leaves, expressive of friendship. These are surmounted by a fine Grecian cornice, designed after a monument erected over some youths at Thysillus, and which has stood there above 2000 years. Branches of palm and wreaths of laurel are introduced in the frieze. The interior work is wholly of marble, the ground of Italian dove. The tablet is of white marble, supported by water and ruffled leaves, and bears the following inscription, from the pen of James Montgomery, Esq.

RAISED BY FRIENDSHIP,
IN MEMORY OF
FOUR SONS AND TWO DAUGHTERS
OF JOHN AND ANN RIGG, OF THIS CITY; VIZ.
ANN GUTHRIE RIGG, AGED 19 YEARS;
ELIZA RIGG, AGED 17;
THOMAS GORWOOD RIGG, AGED 18; JOHN RIGG, AGED 16;
JAMES SMITH RIGG, AGED 7; AND CHARLES RIGG, AGED 6;
WHO WERE DROWNED BY THEIR BOAT BEING RUN DOWN
ON THE RIVER OUSE, NEAR YORK, AUGUST 19, 1830.

Mark the brief story of a Summer's Day!

At noon, Youth, Health, and Beauty, launch'd away;

Ere eve, Death wrecked the bark, and quench'd their light ;
 Their Parents' Home was desolate at night :
 Each pass'd alone, that gulph no eye can see ;
 They met, next moment, in Eternity.
 Friend, Kinsman, Stranger, dost thou ask me Where ?
 Seek God's right hand, and hope to find them There.

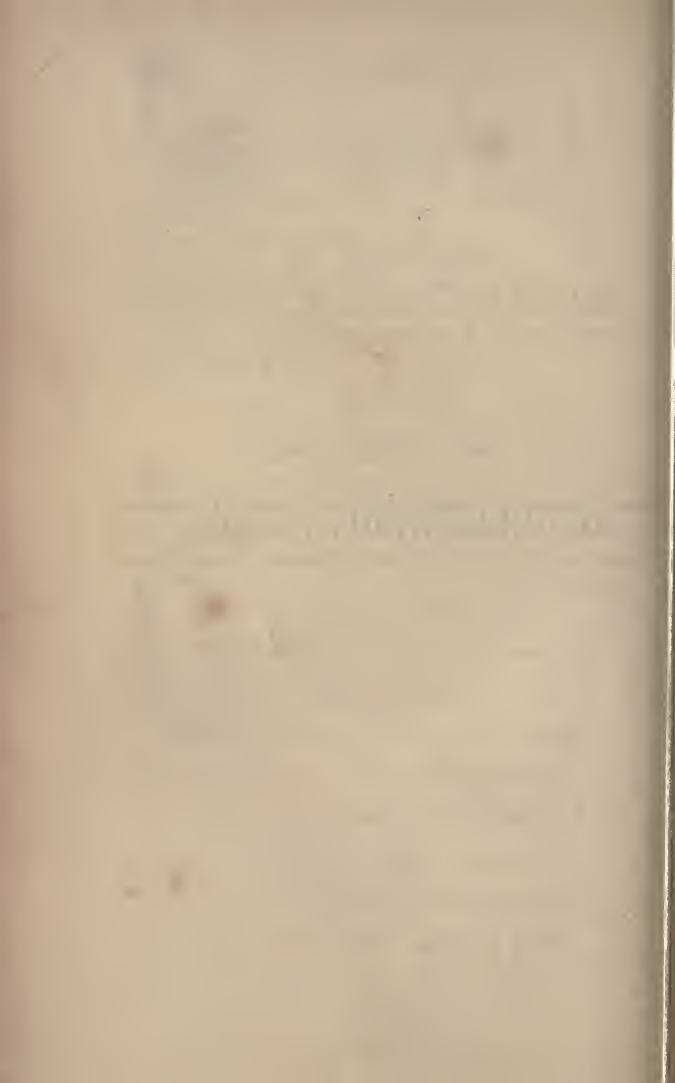
The tablet is surmounted by a bold cornice, which supports a massive urn, partially concealed by drapery, all wrought in white marble. The height of the monument is ten feet, and it is eight and a half wide. The whole is very well executed, and both the design and the sculpture are very creditable to the talents of Mr. Plows, of this city, by whom it was erected.—*The New Guide.*

Note 16, page 75.

—————*that tempestuous blast*
Which o'er us lately burst in fearful sway.

Whilst the Author was engaged in this part of the Poem, York was visited by the severest storm that ever happened in this part of the kingdom. Houses were unroofed, trees were uprooted, and what was more melancholy still, several persons lost their lives in this city and neighbourhood.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

WRITTEN IN CONTEMPLATION OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE SHIP
"COVE," LADENED WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF
SOME VESSELS WHICH WERE BOUND IN THE ICE IN THE
SEASON OF 1835.

Go on thy glorious way, proud ship !

Go on thy glorious way !

Whilst o'er the ocean's boundless breast

No storms thy course delay !

For He who hears the mariner

Lift up the pious prayer,

In regions of unyielding ice,

Will guide thee safely there !

Pursue thy bright career, proud ship
Our prayers shall waft thee on !
On what a glorious pilgrimage
Of mercy art thou gone !
Go, take the sufferers relief,
Go, cheer their dreary fate,
And tell them that all England feels
Their sad imprisoned state !

Go on thy way rejoicing, ship !
Our blessings fill thy sails,
And grateful will the seaman be
When thy approach he hails ;
With gratitude unto its God
Each beating heart will fill,
That in the ice-girt solitude
His ear is open still !

Keep on thy fearless course, good ship !
And quick relief impart,

Where no green meadows meet the sight,
No home can soothe the heart !
Take comfort to the seaman brave,
In regions cold and wild,
Till husband is restored to wife
The parent to his child !

Herald of joy ! go on thy way,
Secure, and free from fear,
The lingering hours will counted be
Till brighter news we hear !
The briny deep did never bear,
Nor yielding waves surround
A ship with more good wishes sent,
On brighter errand bound.

Chosen of God ! farewell ! farewell !
I fear no ill to thee !
Vessel of mercy ! keep thy course
Across the dangerous sea !

The anxious wife, with trembling hope,
Asks of the Lord his care,
And every wave that bears thee on
Is burdened with a prayer !

MOONLIGHT.

O'ER Heaven's unclouded canopy,
In glory rides the queen of night !
And from her glorious course on high
Pours on this world her lovely light !
The woods seem wrapped in sleep profound,
The smiling meadows own her sway,
The night flowers shed their odours round,
And mighty seas her course obey !
The still smooth lake gives back again
Her own unequalled beauty there,
Whilst towering hill and verdant plain
The brightness of her glory wear !

The passing breeze hath borne along
The sounds that chimed the midnight hour,
And Philomela's plaintive song
Is heard from her far leafy bower !
Save this, all round is hushed and still,
Calm as the silent sleep of death,
When beauty's brow is pale and chill,
As some fair form resigns its breath !
In hours like this when all are gone,
When each has sought his own retreat,
The heart feels in the world alone,
Yet such a loneliness how sweet !

O how we long to rend the veil
Of unexplored futurity,
To see if life's progressing tale
Is marked with joy or misery !
Then homeward thoughts come thick and fast,
For daylight seems not half so kind ;
Whilst recollections of the past
Crowd on the busy musing mind !

Our sterner feelings melt away

In one wide-spreading stream of love !

Whilst every passion owns the sway,

Of yonder orb of light above !

How hardened is the heart that feels

No secret joy on such a night,

How cold the eye, if it reveals

No rapturous pleasure at the sight !

But blest are they whose minds can soar

As if an angel's wings were given,

Who can the heights of bliss explore,

And converse hold with saints in Heaven.

Sweet foretaste here of future joy,

Where all is happiness and peace,

Where hymns of praise the powers employ

And songs of glory never cease !

TO A DEAD ROSE.

(A PRESENT FROM A FEMALE FRIEND.)

CREST-FALLEN flower ! once proud thou grew,
Nor equal or superior knew,
 But now thy power is gone !
The gentle breeze no more can bear,
The perfume once thou scattered there,
 Thy loveliness hath flown !

Yet thou wert plucked by beauty's hand,
For her thy charms did once expand !
 Placed in her bosom too !
O was not this a happy lot,
Though parted from the native spot
 Where all thy comrades grew !

Yes! this thou felt, and loved to show
Thy blooming beauty, and to throw
Thy odours in the air!
Proud of the change, that thou shouldst be
Near one so much more bright than thee,
So exquisitely fair!

The noble seeks the court of kings,
The low-born to the noble clings,
To learn superior grace;
So thou rejoiced, couldst thou but tell
When first thou bade the soil farewell
To gain a higher place!

Full many a state has been o'erthrown,
And many a one misfortune known,
When perhaps expected least;
For who, whilst his fond fancy feeds
On western skies, at sunset, heeds
The darkness of the east!

Then as such sorrow plagues us all,
Thou couldst not 'scape the gloomy thrall,
But soon must hence remove !
With hope thy mistress ladened thee,
A blooming rose thou came to me,
A token of her love !

Ah ! could my verse but partly tell
The feelings which my bosom swell
Whene'er on thee I gaze,
And could my fairest donor share
But half the blessings of my prayer,
Bright would be all her days !

Exotics from the torrid zone
Thrive not near Winter's icy throne,
But languish and decay ;
So when thou wert transported here,
Thou saw not my beseeching tear
And quickly fell away !

Yes, though I nursed thee with such care,
The change of place thou couldst not bear,
Of half its warmth bereft ;

My bosom was ungenial to
One who such fostering friendship knew,
Thou pined for what was left !

Thy leaves are dropping one by one,
Thy vigour, beauty, pride, are gone,
Yet still a scent remains,
Like that, which after scenes have past
That our fond hearts would wish to last,
The memory still retains !

And O, like thee ! thy mistress fair—
Begone, dread thought ! my feelings spare
Nor lead me here, my Muse !
I cannot, cannot bear to think,
That one so fair, like thee, should sink,
And all her sweetness lose !

Then let the painful thought be crushed,
And let the weeping lyre be hushed,
And heard so sad no more,
With this—though of all bloom bereft,
While yet one leaf or stem is left,
That stem I will adore !

ADDRESS TO A LITTLE BLIND BOY.

THINE eyes have never seen the light, thou little
sightless boy!

The sparkling sunbeams never yield to thee one mo-
ment's joy!

Save when upon thy healthful cheek with cheerful
warmth they play,

The only sign by which thou canst distinguish night
from day!

The blooming fields, the verdant hills, were never
seen by thee!

The flowers that deck the garden walk, the fruit upon
the tree,

The crystal stream of water that is rippling through
the glade,

The little feathery choristers that warble in the shade!

Yet thou hast felt the odours that these fields and
flowers have shed,

And ate the fruit, and heard the stream rush o'er its
rocky bed ;

Whilst every songster's note is now familiar to thee
grown,

Then canst thou sigh for want of that which thou
hast never known ?

Thy mother often watches thee when thou art fast
asleep,

And will for hours, unknown to thee, at thy misfor-
tune weep !

Will raise the fervent prayer to God that sight to thee
be given,

Then meekly bow before the will of Him who reigns
in Heaven.

And oft thy simple questions will call forth a parent's
sigh,

Whilst thou, a stranger to the cause, in silence wonders why !

Poor hapless child of innocence ! attentive ! gentle !
kind !

A mother well may sigh for one so fair, and yet so
blind !

Farewell, thou little sightless boy ! a happier time
will come,

When angels, waiting round thy bed, will bear thy
spirit home !

Then will thy eyes be opened to the glories of the
blest,

And thy extatic soul rejoice in realms of endless rest !

A day more beautiful will dawn, than earth's uncertain
light,

Without one shadow to obscure, eternal ! pure ! and
bright !

Then prospects more magnificent will spread an ex-
pense wide,
And fairer than the fairest that was here to thee
denied !

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE CORPSE OF A LOVELY LITTLE GIRL.

How beautiful she looks in death,
 Though silent, pale, and chill !
Have not those lips, though robbed of breath,
 The power of speaking still ?
Ah, no ! they cannot as before
 Breathe forth the simple prayer !
And those glazed eyes can now no more
 The inward joy declare !

Her little feet no more shall press
 The dew bespangled green,

Nor with her mates in playfulness
In mimic dance be seen !
Her place is vacant at the board !
The desolation there
Seems as when wintry winds have roared,
And left the forest bare !

How can the mother now beguile
The sluggish moving hours ?
No child to cheer her with a smile !
To deck her room with flowers !
And who the sire's return shall hail,
Or meet him on the hill ?
Shall lisp the newly-mastered tale,
And learn afresh his will !

The little bird is sad and low,
By other hands 'tis fed !
Though but a bird, it seems to know
Its mistress too is dead !

The playmates on the lost one call

To fill the vacant part !

How heavily such trifles fall

Upon a mother's heart !

Yet why should we, poor worms of dust !

The separation mourn ?

Since to the gloomy grave we must

Soon after her be borne !

She hath escaped a world of woe,

Of trial and of sin !

And gone where tears can never flow,

Or sorrow enter in !

She cannot now the arrows feel

Of disappointment keen,

Or learn that friendship may conceal

But malice—envy—spleen !

No broken vows, no rival's scorn

Can pierce her loving breast !

Affection's bonds untimely torn
Will ne'er disturb her rest.

O what bright happiness on high !
What freedom hath she won !
Nor lived, like some who fain would die,
To dread each rising sun !
Or weep, with Scotia's bard, to view
The wretched and forlorn,
And feel that man and woman too,
Alike were *made to mourn* !

The proud one's look, the severed tie,
The pledge of youth forgot,
The poisonous breath of calumny,
Blown but to leave a blot,
The blighted hope, the groundless fear,
Disease, severe or slow,
The deep-drawn sigh, the trembling tear,
Say which can reach her now !

Yet had she lived, each might have clung
 With anguish to her soul,
And clouds, by sin or malice flung,
 Might now before her roll ;
The morning might have brought her grief
 Which night could not assuage,
Nor passing pleasures give relief,
 Or check its angry rage !

For what are life's poor joys at best !
 Soon in reflection lost !
“ The fly, in gaudy colours drest,
 Is but a worm at most !”
Since sin destroyed earth's fairest view,
 What stem hath ever borne
A flower of an undying hue !
 A rose without a thorn !

For thee ! O what a bright exchange,
 Thou sweet departed child !

Through fields that ever bloom to range,
Where all is pure and mild !
To wear a crown where gems are found
That cannot know decay !
To strike a harp with such a sound
As never dies away !

Yes ! thou hast reached that happy place,
The saint's eternal home !
Through Christ, who died to win us grace,
Who bade young children " come !"
Nor to the young alone confined
That universal call !
O may that grace enrich each mind,
There still is room for all !

TO THE DECAYED TRUNK OF A TREE.

(STANDING IN A GARDEN AT HEWORTH.)

THOU relic of some mighty tree,
Whose pride and strength are o'er !
Where is the hand that planted thee,
In bygone days of yore ?
Long mouldered in its native dust,
Nor left a name behind !
Yet thee, so slowly perishing,
A monument we find !

There was a time when thou didst spread
Thy branches in the air,
And birds, in each returning spring,
Were welcome dwellers there !

Full many a generation rose,
And sunk in life's rough tide,
Whilst thou upheld thy towering head,
In fresh and vigorous pride !

The lightning's flash, the murmuring wind
Among thy branches crept ;
And soft and pleasant moonlight oft
Upon thy bosom slept !
But lightning's flash, or murmuring wind,
Or Luna's lovely light,
No more will play around thee, in
The lonely hour of night !

'Tis true thou didst escape the axe
Which woodmen plied around,
But one, unfailing and more sure,
In other hands was found !
Old Time subdued thee in thy strength,
Till thou wert lowly sunk,

And now what is there left of thee ?

A bare and branchless trunk !

There is a secret lesson, which

My bosom learns from thee !

Though now in youth, and health, and strength,

Ere long what shall I be ?

Should sickness spare my youthful form,

Old age will soon come on !

I quickly shall be like to thee,

All strength and vigour gone !

This flesh will fail, this blood will freeze,

This glowing form be shrunk,

A relic of my former self !

A fast decaying trunk !

Full soon the icy hand of death

Will on my heart be prest !

O may my spirit enter then

Its unclouded rest !

THE EVENING HOUR.

How soft and gentle is this hour !

What worship nature seems to pay
To Him who rears the bud and flower,
Who is the same or night or day !

From every bush and tree around
The choristers of nature sing !
And O how welcome is the sound
Which their united voices ring !

Past is the noonday's scorching heat,
The sun retires behind the hill,
But in this hour, so softly sweet,
A thousand eyes are waking still !

The constant thrush lifts up her voice,
The blackbird echoes to his note,
The linnet, goldfinch, all rejoice,
Thanksgivings pour from every throat.

For what are all the melodies
That float upon the scented breeze,
But praises which to Heavenward rise,
To Him who all things hourly sees !

The very brooklet sings for love !
The stately trees majestic stand !
The grassy turf, the sky above,
Appear in worship to expand !

Shall man alone unmoved stand by,
Nor join the universal praise ?
The heir of immortality !
While things that perish worship raise !

Whose eyes may, with enraptured gaze,
Behold the beauteous arch of Heaven,
Which such magnificence displays,
At morning, noonday, or at even !

Whose heart may with pure pleasures heave,
And, kindling in true bliss, rejoice,
Whose ear may with delight receive
The glorious sounds of Nature's voice !

For whom the hawthorn blossom flings
Its grateful odours on the gale,
Which other scents unnumbered brings,
For man at pleasure to inhale !

No ! surely from his heart shall flow,
Like water gushing from the fount,
Pure adoration's fervent glow,
To Him who died on Calvary's mount.

O who can contemplate the sight,
And feel God's presence round him brood,
Nor to the source of life and light
Lift up a prayer in solitude !

TO THE HEART'S EASE.

THOU simple flower of English birth,
Who can no foreign lineage claim,
Say, is the richness of thy worth
Embodied in thy touching name !

O ! if when sorrow darkly cleaves
Around the tendrils of the heart,
A power was in thy tinted leaves,
To soothe the anguish of the dart !

Thou wouldst be dear to every breast,
And every eye would love the sight,
In every bosom wouldst thou rest !
To every mind impart delight !

When friendship's star grew dull or dark,
Or clouds obscured the light of love,
When Hope withdrew, nor left one spark,
How grateful would thy influence prove !

Heart's Ease ! what magic in the sound !
Still might our drooping hopes revive,
If that could in a flower be found
Which wealth or beauty cannot give !

But still 'tis sweet to gaze on thee,
Although this power thou canst not claim,
For He who bade thee lovely be,
Can give what thou hast but in name !

O ! may the sight of blushing rose,
Or daisy sparkling on the sod,
The simplest, richest flower that grows,
Alike lead on my thoughts to God !

To Him who bade the flowerets bloom,
That gave the odours they impart,
For He can chase away our gloom,
And *ease* the trouble of the *heart* !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY IN A DISTANT
LAND.

STRIKE, strike your harps ! ye angel bands !

That stand around the throne !

Another soldier of the Lord

Is to your numbers won !

Lift up your voices, saints below !

And pierce the arch of Heaven !

That an immortal crown of joy

Is to your brother given !

His labour done ! the mandate came—

“ Come enter in thy rest ! ”

He's gone to be rewarded now
With those for ever blest !
Long in the vineyard of the Lord
He toiled with all his might,
And now he with his master dwells
In realms of heavenly light !

In distant lands he spent his days,
And strangers closed his eyes !
While foreign accents in loud wail
Above his ashes rise !
But whilst he trod the strangers' soil,
He felt the Lord was near !
And in the gloomy vale of death
No evil did he fear !

Farewell ! farewell ! thou happy soul !
Thou spirit glorified !
Enrolled among the countless hosts
For whom our Jesus died !

A bright eternity of praise,
Where heavenly glories shine !
An immortality of joy,
Are now for ever thine !

VILLAGE MUSINGS.

MORN on the hamlet pours her welcome beams,
And calls the peasant to his daily toil,
Refreshed by slumber, undisturbed by dreams,
With grateful heart he meets her cheering smile !

How sweet and pleasant seems the village now,
As if fair Peace had fixed her dwelling here,
Mild as the morning's own unruffled brow,
Unbroken is the calmness far and near !

Each peaceful cottage pours of rising smoke
A little volume to the morning sky,
Which, as it rises, almost would evoke
Praise from our hearts to Him who dwells on high

Ah ! could our breasts but pure contentment feel,

Sure it would be in such a spot as this !

With those we love, earth might at least reveal

A glimmering, though but faint, of future bliss !

Unequalled state ! what soul would then exchange

The country cottage for the crowded court ?

To purchase all within gay Fashion's range,

Or all that to the train of wealth resort !

Let History tell what power and wealth impart,

When death's dark shadows pierce the throbbing
breast,

Let Wolsey show what racked his dying heart !

And fallen Buckingham proclaim the rest !

There's many a veteran in the village now,

Who, past all labour, waits his final hour,

Calm resignation stamp'd upon his brow—

The world to him has lost its witching power !

Why can he contemplate without a sigh
The awful moment which must lay him low ?
How can he feel the tyrant drawing nigh,
Yet let no sorrow cloud his placid brow ?

Seest thou that Church ? within its rugged walls
For fifty years he has been used to hear
The word proclaimed ! the very sight recalls
A thousand things to fond remembrance dear !

The village Church ! yes, on that rising hill
It stands, in silence, solemn, and sublime !
Lifting its humble spire to heavenward still,
Untouched by storms, and revered by time !

Successive generations there did meet,
Beneath its roof the sacred day to keep !
Within its walls have held communion sweet,
And now beneath their shadow calmly sleep !

How often at its altar has been tied

The nuptial knot ! methinks I'm watching now
The manly bridegroom and the blushing bride
Exchanging there the fond connubial vow !

Mark how he takes her trembling hand in his,
And on her finger slides symbolic ring !
Imprinting on her lips the fervent kiss !
Whilst Love o'ershadows with his "purple wing !"

Hear now the priest with solemn voice pronounce
The parting blessing on the wedded pair !
And turning from the altar, lo ! at once,
What hearty shouts of welcome rend the air !

Then passing onward to their joyful home,
Full many a blessing on them kindly showered !
Bright be the portion of your days to come !
Domestic pleasure on your path be poured !"

Behold that cottage on the rising knoll

Of bright green sward, on which the children play,
Around whose base (we now may hear it roll)
The rippling brooklet winds its noisy way !

There lives a pair who fourscore years have dwelt,
And hope to dwell there until life shall cease ;
Oft have their children's children with them knelt,
Around the altar of domestic peace !

No wrangling strife could ever enter there,
No family bickerings mar their wedded love,
Blest in each other have this humble pair
Walked in that light imparted from above !

O say, has earth another scene like this !
Can ought below such happiness impart !
The perfect fullness of connubial bliss !
The full exchange of all that warms the heart ?

Talk not of joys the voice of fame can yield,
The poet's rapture in an hour inspired !
The warrior's triumph in the tented field,
The statesman's pride by thirst of glory fired !

Compare them not ! 'tis like the sudden light,
That for a moment fills the enthusiast's breast,
To that sure hope, full, perfected, and bright,
With which the Christian feels his bosom blest !

'Tis like the ravings of a biassed mind,
Compared with wisdom, sober and serene !
flash that leaves but darker gloom behind,
This calm and sure—that perishing and mean !

TO MY SISTER.

'Tis done ! the home of childhood's left,
My hours of solitude bereft

Of one that loves me well !

No more I see the cheering smile,
Or hear the gentle voice beguile,
In tones that sweetly fell.

Yes ! thou art gone ! yet I remain
To look for thee, but look in vain

Where thou wert wont to be ;

Thy footsteps linger—where art thou ?

Alas ! my tears but serve to show

How much I loved thee.

Time was when we together walked,
And of the past and future talked,
 As if we ne'er could sever ;
O, how my memory loves to brood,
In silence and in solitude,
 On moments gone for ever.

Like sister streams which from one source
Derive their birth, yet change the course,
 And different channels fill :
(The one thro' flowery meads may flow,
The other lave the rugged brow
 Of some descending hill.)

So did we start—but fate divides,
And kindred ties and love derides,
 As shadows of a day ;
Yet will contentment come to me,
If thine the flowery pathway be,
 Though mine the rugged way.

Yes ! may thy life flow sweetly on,
Mild as the heavens when storms are gone,
And leave no darkness there ;
May no rude winds thy calmness move,
But the pure beams of peace and love
Light on thee everywhere.

Thy welcome letters all declare
That thou art well and happy there,
And I at once believe thee,
Yet tremble lest a fear to wound
(A false but often trodden ground)
Should tempt thee to deceive me.

We are divided—grief may find
Thy tender breast, and wound the mind
That once communed with mine ;
And I shall not be there to soothe,
With hopes which cheer the soul of youth,
The anguish that is thine !

We are divided—thou mayst feel
The breath of sickness o'er thee steal,
 And sad and lonely be,
Alas ! I cannot tend thee now,
I cannot wipe thy fevered brow
 As thou hast done for me.

We are divided—friends may fail,
The round of life grow sad and stale,
 And thou still absent be ;
Oh, no ! oh, no ! thou can'st return,
And brighter yet our hopes shall burn,
 At thoughts of seeing thee.

We are divided—but the care
Of Him whose love the least may share
 Will rest upon us all ;
The home thou left is open still,
And those who love thee ever will
 Be ready at thy call.

We are divided—but the hour
Will come when no dividing power
Can longing souls restrain ;
As streams uniting in one sea,
In th' ocean of eternity,
We thus shall meet again !

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

It is not when the blow is struck
By death's unerring dart,
That lifeless leaves some loved-one's form,
Or stills some friendly heart ;
That chills the brow, that lulls the eye
To marble-like repose,
It is not in an hour like this,
Our keenest sorrow flows.

'Tis when we see the coffin laid
Low in the silent ground,
And dust to dust falls crumbling in
With such a solemn sound !

We think upon those happy times
Together we could roam,
And turn with weeping eyes away
To seek our widowed home !

'Tis when we look around and see,
So many things that tell
Of those whom we have just seen laid
In the last narrow cell !
The harp on which they loved to play,
Hangs silent on the wall ;
The vacant chair, the untouched book,
Again the lost recall !

The portrait even seems to smile
As if about to speak,
But when will the original
This mournful silence break ?
The cheerful laugh, the harmless jest,
For us no more may be !

Frail man soon giveth up the ghost !

And then, ah ! where is he ?

Yet they whom to the earth we yield,

But for a time remain,

The trumpet blast will rend the skies,

And they will rise again !

Then must this sure and lasting hope,

Sooth our affliction sore,

That we may meet again our friends

Upon a brighter shore !

If saved by grace, we all shall dwell

Where joys unnumbered flow,

Shall meet, and what is best of all,

No separation know !

Then shall we rest secure from death,

Before Jehovah's face !

And nothing intervene to mar

Affection's fond embrace !

THE BURNING SHIP.

THE sun unclouded bright and high,
In joy had climbed the morning sky,
Emitting forth a genial glow
To gladden all the world below !
The earth was brightened with the blaze,
The sea reflected golden rays,
Earth, air, and ocean all display
The glories of a summer's day !

Now o'er the sea, with sails outspread,
A gallant vessel onward sped,
And bounded o'er the heaving main,
As the fleet courser scours the plain ;

Obedient to the helmsman's hand,
'Twas ruled as if by magic wand !
One hundred souls were living there,
And still it seemed as free as air ;
So well proportioned, trim and light,
It was indeed a noble sight,
As on it flew, and seemed to be
The ruling monarch of the sea !
Within all hearts were filled with joy,
From captain to the cabin boy ;
And many a joke and song passed round,
For homeward was the vessel bound ;
And O how great a sailor's glee,
When friends and home he hopes to see !
His labour light, he climbs above,
Looks out for land, and sings for love !

Now in the west declined the day,
And on the ocean seemed to lay,

Rejoicing in his golden light,
Or loathe to bid the world 'good night' ;
How many an eye looked o'er the main
That would not see it rise again !
How many a heart with joy did thrill
That would ere morn be cold and still !
Kind Heaven this fate from all concealed,
Nought but the passing joy revealed ;
Down sunk the sun, the hands turned in,
And all was silent and serene !

'Twas midnight ! in the gloomy sky
No welcome moon was riding high ;
The breezes blew with gentle force,
And kept the vessel on its course ;
All there was still—the watch alone
Proclaimed how tide and time went on ;
But soon another cry was heard,
O what can mean that fearful word ?

On fire ! on fire ! what awful news !

The ears at first the sounds refuse !

A ship on fire, when out at sea !

O what a tide of misery !

What dreadful evils left to brave,

To burn, or sink beneath the wave !

Loud rose the cry ! no human ear

Received the sound, no aid was near ;

Save He who rules the mighty deep,

Whose arm of might can never sleep !

The flames burst forth without a check,

And every creature rushed on deck !

Some wondering, would the cause inquire ;

Some vainly strove to quench the fire,

But most ran screaming to and fro,

Afraid, they knew not what to do !

Still did the flames make fearful way,

No efforts could their fury stay !

The darkness of the midnight air

Was lightened with a fearful glare !
Illuminating far and near,
Showing what each one had to fear,
To burn or drown ! what agony
Seemed now to prompt each piercing cry !
Oh help ! oh help ! Oh save ! oh save !
The young ! the beautiful ! the brave !
What hearts will soon be desolate,
When first they learn the awful fate
Of those on whom their hopes were placed,
Whom soon they hoped to have embraced !
The fond embrace must not be here,
For they have found a watery bier !

Of every hope of aid bereft,
One last resource to them is left ;
The boats were lowered, but who shall choose
Which to receive, which to refuse ?
What rule can to this crowd apply,
Which should be saved and which should die !

Each would be first, all eager press,
And think but of their own distress ;
Down do they rush ! filled to the brink,
Boats swamp ! men shriek ! and down they sink
Thus eager to escape a grave,
They find one in the briny wave !

Now on the deck some still remained,
The fire advancing, on them gained,
How terrible the rending cries
That pierced the darkness of the skies !
Then some plunged in the reddened sea
T' avoid a lengthened agony ?
And others gazed with longing eye
To see if help or hope was nigh ;
But oh ! no help was there descried !
Nought heard but murmurings of the tide !
At last the ship no form could claim,
From stem to stern one mass of flame !

When, with the helpless forms she bore,
At once she sunk to rise no more !
The waves unchanged went rolling on,
But that proud ship ! where was she gone ?

Up rose the sun, but where are they
Who saw him on the ocean lay ?
Alas ! but one lived to declare
What sounds had pierced the midnight air,
And safely on an upturned boat,
The cabin boy along did float,
Till he some passing ship could hail,
And there relate his dreadful tale !
Yes, he alone of all the crew
Escaped the morning light to view !
The rest had perished in the deep,
The wild waves now above them sweep ;
No stone may point out where they lay,
Around their tomb no breezes play !

Their bodies on the ocean's bed ;
Their spirit to their Maker fled !
O Thou ! who rules the winds and waves !
Whose hand at once destroys or saves !
Grant us to bow before Thy rod,
And trembling feel that Thou art God !
And may each action of Thy will
To Thee, but bring us nearer still !

THE PLAYFELLOWS.

'T WAS on a village green
Some children were at play,
Bright smiles upon each face were seen,
And all looked glad and gay !

One little girl was there,
The fairest of them all,
The breezes waved her flaxen hair,
As oft she chased the ball !

I stood awhile to see
This happy little band,
Hoping that care might distant be,
Or death's relentless hand !

But He who marks each thing
That passes here on earth,
Thought fit to break this playful ring,
So full of artless mirth !

Three months had passed away,
That path I trod once more,
The children were again at play,
As cheerful as before !

But one was missing there,
The first in sport and glee,
“ The girl with flaxen ringlets, where,”
I asked of them, “ is she ?”

They led me to a grave,
And told me she was there !
The flowers of spring did gently wave
Above this child so fair !

Prest by the lowly sod,
The mother's loved one lay !
Her spirit summoned by her God,
Past, like a dream, away !

Tho' blithest of them all,
The golden bowl was broke,
Alas, who can resist the call,
Or who escape the stroke ?

Yet, if from playmates riven,
How happy is her home !
Of such are formed the ranks of Heaven !
And Jesus bade them 'come' !

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

THE orb of day in brightness rose
Up from his eastern bed,
And far and wide, on friends and foes,
His beams of radiance shed !
He showered alike his golden rain
On bondmen and the free !
The cloud-capt hill, the sparkling plain,
The mountain and the sea !
A hundred falchions of true steel
Were glittering in the ray,
And far was heard the trumpet's peel,
That hailed the rising day !

The fates in council had declared
That day Quebec should fall,
And brooding war with joy prepared
To spread its crimson pall !
Full many a form that firmly stood,
The manly and the brave,
Was doomed to dye the turf with blood,
And fill a soldier's grave !
Death viewed the scene with wild delight,
Rejoicing in the thought
That, ere arose the star of night,
Dread slaughter would be wrought !

Weep, weep, ye wives ! ere yonder sun
Sets in the western sea,
Your husbands' race will be outrun,
And you will widows be !
Mourn, mothers ! mourn, your children dear
A bloody sod must press !

Their voice no more will strike your ear,
Their forms your eyesight bless !
And Britain ! let thy anguish be
Heard far across the gulph,
For though Quebec be one for thee,
Alas ! 'twill cost a Wolfe !

The day is past, the battle o'er,
And Wolfe is with the dead,
The ranks with him will charge no more,
Or by his voice be led !
But, Victory, sighing when she found
She could not ward the blow,
With bright unfading laurels crowned
The dying hero's brow !
Ah ! how he raised his drooping head
To hear the sound " They fly"—
" Who ? who ?" he heard the Frenchmen fled,
" Contented then I die !"

'Twas thus the brave young hero fell,
Remembrance still remains,
And future bards his deeds shall tell
In never dying strains !
And he a monument has won
In every Briton's breast,
'Twas bright, tho' brief, the race he run,
And glory lights his rest !
When future ranks prepare to fly,
His name shall re-inspire ;
Remember Wolfe shall be the cry
That wakes the slumbering fire !

LIFE.

“ A thousand ills beset us as we go.”—HUMAN LIFE.

How numerous are the ills that life
 Beneath its surface bears !
Few hearts are there not torn by strife,
 By silent working cares !
Where is the brow o’er which ne’er hung
 The threatening cloud of grief ?
Where has not sorrow’s dart been flung,
 Tho’ life itself is brief ?

Go, where is heard the merry song,
In love's delightful strain,
Go, search the ball-room's dazzling throng,
Or fashion's gaudy train ;
Ask if that voice of melody
Was never heard in fear !
Or if that proudly beaming eye,
Ne'er shed the trembling tear !

The answer will be " even now
Is felt the painful smart,
Tho' pleasure beams upon my brow,
There's sorrow on my heart !"
Alas, the young, the gay, the fair,
The merry and the grave,
May sometimes feel a sadness there,
Their cheeks the tear-drops lave !

The bosom friend bowed down by death,
The world's ungrateful scorn,

Foul calumny's most poisonous breath
On wings of falsehood borne ;
The wreck of hopes, the faithless heart,
Confiding love betrayed,
All these, and more, at times impart
To life a gloomy shade !

Some, in the melancholy hour,
Ask comfort from a friend,
And others seek for music's power,
Their gloominess to end !
'Tis well ! a friend can soothe the breast,
When darkness may surround,
And O the harp can lull to rest
When friendship guides the sound !

For me I ask no friend's kind aid,
When sorrow shall intrude,
The sweetest music ever played,
I fly for solitude ;

'Tis here I find a soothing balm,
My bosom's sole relief,
'Tis here my soul again is calm,
And weeps away its grief!

RAMBLES.

INSCRIBED TO ROSS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

SOME love to wander in the flowery grove,
Hid from the sun by intermingling trees,
And some across the sparkling heath to rove,
And feel the freshness of a mountain breeze,
Whilst idler spirits love to loll at ease
Some fav'rite trees far spreading boughs beneath,
But I the church-yard love, above all these ;
Where in the close and cold embrace of death
Our fellow creatures lay, deprived of vital breath.

Yes, here I love to wander, and to read
Each simple epitaph on humble stone,

Which may to solemn contemplation lead
Upon the fate of those for ever gone !
Beneath that mound of earth reposes one
Who was the idol of her parents' heart ;
But like the trembling starlight hath she flown !
The father with his only child must part !
Upon his breast she lay when death sent forth its dart

Another mound is near, in there repose
The silent ashes of a new made bride,
Why did her reign of love so quickly close ?
Death called her from her weeping husband's side !
Fain would she stay ! " come ! come !" the tyrant cried
Farewell ! so young, and but one week a wife !
Here learn a lesson ! ye, who walk in pride,
By one slight thread hangs all we love in life,
And here must end our toils, our pleasures, and our strife

The gloomy grave must soon receive us all,
The sod our covering, and the dust our bed !

Whilst they who tarry longer, ere they fall
The more by dark affliction must be led ;
Some bosoms have by other's malice bled,
Should this be so, when life may prove so brief ?
Tho' warring here, we must be friends when dead !
Prostrate alike we fall, in joy or grief,
In spring-tide's early bloom, or autumn's falling leaf !

There sleeps a mother ! peace my swelling heart !
And there a father ! how my soul seems torn
With dark forebodings ! why should tear-drops start,
For neither yet my bosom hath to mourn !
Alas ! how soon may one or both be borne
To their last mansion ! O forbid it Heaven,
That in the world I thus be left forlorn !
O death let not thy darts be hither driven,
But rather take me first than such dear ties be riven !

Thou, on life's journey, generous Ross ! hath past
A greater way than I, thy reverend brow

Bears the light footstep of old age at last !
I still am in my youth, then say, hast thou
E'er seen unmoved a friend or foe laid low ?
Ah, no ! it is a mournful sight to see
The dark funereal train progressing slow,
Bearing one whom we knew ! long may it be
Ere this unpleasant task shall be performed for thee !

Yet this must come at last, and my sad tears
Should I survive thee, must thy bier bedew !
May guardian angels chase away thy fears
When death's dark shadows seem thee to pursue !
And when thy spirit bids this earth adieu !
O may it fly to realms where is no sin,
Whilst Heaven's bright glories burst upon thy view
And thus thy reign of happiness begin !
Like corn that's fully ripe, by angels gathered in !

MY COUSIN'S GRAVE.

IN nook retired, yet not shut out from view,
Near to the home where she from childhood grew,
Marked by a modest stone, whose tale displays
The guileless pleasures of her early days,
(Perched on a wall close by the robin sings,
And there the broom tree its dark shadow flings)
Where the sweet wildflowers to the breezes wave,
And bloom unnoticed, is my cousin's grave.

It is a spot where calm seclusion dwells
And holy quiet its pious usage tells,
Where grass grown heaps to pensive minds declare

A fellow creature is reposing there ;
No nightly watchers need we here to ward,
Its sacred beauty is its safest guard ;
And whilst the church its humble steeple rears,
The damp cold grave seems' robbed of half its fears ;
The sculptored records speak of future bliss,
And win the bosom to a spot like this ;
When death's cold hand upon my heart is prest,
Here would I wish to find a tranquil rest,

Beyond the pale what modest dwellings rise,
Where Escrick's beauties stretch before the eyes !
Where sweet contentment, virtue, gladness smile,
And want is driven from the fertile soil ;
Who gazes there can not the thought restrain—
The Lord of Escrick owns a fair domain !

O I have stood upon this grave, and wept
For her who 'neath its surface calmly slept,
To whom by kindred ties my soul was wed,

These ties are broken and my cousin—dead !
Why did I weep ? that life had passed away
When youth and hope shed forth a kindling ray ?
That in her spring-tide she was doomed to feel
Consuming sickness o'er her slowly steal ?
And whilst there beamed a brightness from her eye,
Her cheek's fair bloom must languish, droop, and die !
Why did I weep ? that on her dying bed
No mother's hand the careful pillow spread ?
No father's care had cooled her fevered brow,
No sister soothed the sufferer lying low ?
Yet friends were near, and one was present there
Who watched, unwearied, with a mother's care,
Who had through life a kind protectress been,
Nor once forsook throughout the painful scene !
'Twas not for these I wept, though even here
Enough were found to draw the painful tear,
But other scenes before my vision roll,
And other thoughts awaken to my soul,
Passed to the place whence death can ne'er remove ;

I longed to join her in her home above !
Yes, gentle cousin ! I would join thee there,
And leave this life which some call passing fair,
Like thee, beneath the turf would calmly rest,
My body there, my spirit with the blest !
Though eighteen summers was thy life's short date,
Immortal youth must now upon thee wait ;
Though hope was wrecked, ere hope thy heart
could move,

The best of hopes are realized above !
Thou wilt, amid the ranks of seraphs there,
Fulness of joy and endless pleasures share !
No harm can reach thee and no ill destroy,
Where joys abound, and boundless is each joy !

O what is life, that we should mourn its end,
And dread the doom to which mankind must bend ?
Hath life no thorns upon its pathway spread !
Hath life no griefs by which the heart has bled ?
Are there no shadows to obscure the sky ?

Are there no tear-drops to bedim the eye ?
No secret sorrow to disturb the mind ?
No friend of former days that proves unkind ?
No fell disease that blights the youthful frame ?
No guilty sin that fills the soul with shame ?
No floating vision that allures us on,
And when we haste to snatch it, lo ! is gone ?
Yes ! life hath these, or who would wish to brave
The dreaded silence of the gloomy grave ?
Ah ! well might man to life's last refuge hold,
As clings the wretched miser to his gold !
But O there is in death a calm repose,
A manumission from all human woes !
And if in hope we die, 'tis better far
To be transplanted where the angels are !
To be rejoined to those we once did love,
And rest secure in happy realms above !
How strongly here is this fair truth imprest—
To sleep in Jesus is to sleep at rest !
A rest like this my grief-worn heart would crave
When I am weeping on my cousin's grave !

SONNET

ON SEEING A MOTH FLYING ROUND MY CANDLE.

HENCE, little foolish fluttering thing ! away !
Death lurks within the brightness of that blaze !
And soon will sadness end thy sportful play
If thou should'st dare too near those sparkling rays.
Rash thing ! thou heed'st not all that man can say,
Then take thy course, and end thy few short days,
Pluck danger by the beard and go thy ways,
If that thou mayest ! ah ! why stay thy flight ?
What hast thou learnt that brightness oft betrays ?

Yes ! thou hast fallen ! that deceitful light
Which lured thee hither on thy ashes plays !
There's something solemn in thy doleful plight ;
How many are there who have power to think,
Which thou had'st not, like thee, a prey to rashness
sink !

THE BARK.

ONE day when warm and bright
The sun rose o'er the lea,
And poured its flood of golden light
On mountain and on sea !
A bark had left the shore
With a gallant little crew,
And onward out to sea it bore
Far as the eye could view !

It cut the yielding wave,
As swallows cleave the air,
And seemed the ocean's strength to brave,
Its element was there !

With its proud milk-white sails
Spread sparkling to the sun
To catch the breath of passing gales,
And bear it swiftly on !

It left the shore behind,
As bounding proud and free,
An onward course before the wind
It scudded gallantly !
And in its stately flight
The deck with laughter rung,
They knew not, for their hearts were light,
The fate that o'er them hung !

They vanished from the sight,
The hull, and then the mast,
Until the line of farthest light
They had completely past,
The expanse of the sea
Was one unbroken view,

We wondered where the bark could be,
With its undaunted crew !

The sun no more was high,
The flag of night unfurled,
Whilst lightnings gleamed along the sky,
And thunderbolts were hurled !
The sea in anger rose,
The winds in wildness blew,
A dreadful night when friends and foes
One feeling only knew !

The little bark was there,
With sails as white as snow,
Now carried high up in the air
Then plunged as far below,
Long with the tempest's blast,
It struggled, but in vain !
The darkness and the storm are past—
The bark comes not again !

The land hath scenes like this,
And storms as dark doth wear,
What thousands have set out in bliss
And perished in despair !
With prospects fair and bright
To home we bid adieu !
Then comes the lightning's flash to blight
And triumph o'er the view !

But there may still be found
An anchor safe and sure,
'Tis faith ! what rapture in the sound !
It will through life endure !
And storms may darkly frown,
And rain in torrents fall,
The sky itself in fire come down,
We safely weather all !

ON HEARING

THE BELL OF YORK CATHEDRAL, TOLZ THE MIDNIGHT HOUR ON DEC

HARK ! yon deep sound that strikes the listening
Like cannon's roar upon the breezes borne,
Tells the departure of another year
Gone to its fellows never to return !
In such an hour the bosom feels forlorn !
The heart beats high on such an awful night,
When one year dies, and lo ! another's born !
Thus Time unquestioned takes his silent flight,
And year succeeds to year as darkness follows light !

Yes, it has gone! but who can tell us where?

Its reign seems but the history of a day,

Mixed up of light and dark, of foul and fair!

Yet all alike for ever passed away!

The sunbeams on the mountain's bosom play,

Night comes and wraps it in her gloomy vest,

Morn smiles and all at once again looks gay,

Thus is our life in varied colours drest,

And none can ever here be altogether blest.

Then O farewell, thou phantom of a year!

Farewell for ever unto thee and thine!

To thousands dreadful and to thousands dear

As joys or sorrows on their prospects shine!

Well may the thoughtful weep at thy decline,

For oh! thou brings us nearer to our grave,

Well may we mourn in secret and repine,

Nought can our bodies from destruction save,

And soon the flowery grass must o'er our ashes wave!

But as the grain in Autumn's mildness sown
Its virtue keeps 'mid Winter's stern career,
And thrives unseen tho' tempests darkly frown,
In milder seasons its proud stem to rear,
When softer winds can kiss the loaded ear ;
Thus shall our bodies from their prisons spring
And in a brighter, fairer form appear,
All that is earthly from them freely fling,
And up to purer realms soar on triumphant wing !

Tho' thou hast trodden many to the tomb
And to our hearths dark desolation brought,
Cut down the lovely whilst in beauty's bloom,
And woful change in friendship's circle wrought,
We such expect as down Time's stream we float,
And who shall deem his mournful lot the worst !
But on thee still our memory loves to doat,
For thou the galling bond of slavery burst—
The foulest blackest crime with which our land w
curs !

TO THE NEW YEAR.

THE death knell has been sounded, and the gloomy
hour is past,

The year we so long cherished is for ever gone at
last !

The coming one may brighter be, but can we bid
farewell,

To what has long been dear to us, and no emotion
swell !

Say, can we turn away from that which now recedes
afar,

To worship with devotedness, futurity's bright
star !

No, first let us awhile commune with our reflecting
heart,

And ask how much of grief or joy, remembrance can
impart !

O where are some who started with us equal in the
race !

We look around and see them not, all vacant is the
place !

The cold cold earth enwraps them in silent slumber
there,

And we are left alone to weep, the death of hopes so
fair !

'Tis true that others may have joined in friendship's
sacred ring,

And more the coming year perchance may to the
circle bring ;

We love them all and may they long be spared to
bless our view,

But O our hearts had room enough for those
departed too !

How many in the year gone past, have felt the stroke
of death !

The husband hath beheld his wife resign her latest
breath !

The mother has hung o'er her babe, when ready to
depart,

And felt the last faint throbbing of its young and
lifeless heart !

Events like these are certain, or I would not tell
them here,

Nor darkly cloud the joy with which we hail another
year !

But let us meekly bow the head, nor o'er our sorrows
brood,

It is the doing of the Lord, and to Him seemeth
good !

My verse with such a gloomy hue should never be
o'ercast,

But bid the mind look forward, and wipe out all
that is past ;

T' enjoy the passing moment as it passes swiftly
on,

And yield the soul to pleasure if it could be wisely
done !

But other thoughts will still arise, in force and form
sublime ;

O whither are we hastening along the stream of
time ?

What are we carried nearer to, by each succeeding
year ?

The happy haven of repose, or the abyss of fear ?

INFANCY.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the brow
Of infancy and innocence,
Long ere the tear of woe can flow,
Or care its shadows there dispense !

Endearing sight, a babe asleep !
When smiles around their sweet lips play,
And happy angels vigils keep,
Imparting there a heavenly ray !

O who can fail when gazing there,
On one who just hast seen the light,
To raise to Heaven a fervent prayer,
That no rude winds its peace may blight !

Full many a time my heart has shed
The inward tears of silent woe,
When on the page of truth I've read
A deed that happened years ago.

When cruel Richard gave command
Two royal infants should be slain !
He little dreamt another's hand
Should lay him bleeding on the plain !

O hardened bosoms, how could they
Lay hands on those without defence ?
And in the silent midnight slay
Such lovely forms of innocence !

Tho' time with unobstructed wings
Hath borne so many centuries by,
Imagination sometimes brings
That awful scene before the eye !

Methinks I see them side by side
Asleep—locked in each others arms,
While stealthily the villains glide,
Lest some rude noise their cries alarms !

The pillow's raised ! one moment stay,
For see the lovely children smile ;
Their spirits perhaps with angels play,
Some dream may now their souls beguile !

Now heartless villain do the deed,
And out of evil good is given,
The act for which thy soul must bleed,
Will send two infant souls to Heaven !

'Tis done ! the lovely flowers are dead,
Far brighter crowns their brows will wear ;
They have escaped a thorny bed,
And left a throne of restless care !

A mother clasps her lifeless boy !

A child is orphan left !

A lover bids farewell to joy !

A friend of friend bereft !

E'en Beauty hath no charms for thee,

Hard is thy fleshless heart,

For loveliness can only be

A target for thy dart !

Youth starting out in hope and love

Goes smiling on his way !

But thee such things can never move,

Thy mandate is—decay !

Ambition hails his wishes crowned

And hastes to snatch the prize,

But ere he treads the happy ground

He sees thy vision rise !

The bride expectant waits the day,

The wished-for hour to see,

But thy small voice is heard to say

“ Her bridegroom I will be !”

Dread power ! bound not by earth or air,

E'en riding on the seas

In calm in storm, now here now there,

Borne on by every breeze !

The seaman brave* by hope impelled

To voyage round a world !

In sight of England's cliffs beheld

Thy flag o'er him unfurled !

O death ! look o'er thy mandates now

To see who next shall fall,

If genius lights their youthful brow,

Or slavish bonds enthrall !

If old or young, or rich and fair,

The high-born of the land,

And if thou seest my own doom there

O is it near at hand !

* Blake.

But, O thou foe to human kind !
The last to be destroyed !
Is there no force thy power to bind,
No antidote employed !
Must thou still wander on alone,
The terror of our race ?
Can nothing shake thy powerful throne,
Or thy dim shadows chase ?

Yes, heavenly hope ! this is the balm
To soothe our troubled souls,
Our fearful anxious minds to calm
When thy dread thunder rolls !
With this O death we fear not thee
An anchorage safe is given,
Our weary spirits would be free
And find repose in Heaven !

For He who braved thee in thy power
And tore thy crown away,

Can brighten life's departing hour,
And check thy cruel sway !
Disarm thee of thy terrors wild,
And make thee welcome here,
Thy darkest shadows will be mild,
If He is only near !

He once indeed thy landmark bore,
But short-lived was thy sway,
Greater than Samson, soon he tore
Like flax, thy bonds away !
He lives, he shines, he reigns to save,
And angels of him sing !
He plucks the conquest from the grave,
And robs thee of thy sting !

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT FOR HER CHILD.

AND art thou dead? my darling babe! my little
fair haired boy!

And must the earth close over thee, my only hope
and joy?

Thy smile hath oft delighted me, but whither has
it fled?

My bosom feels a desert now—my darling boy is
dead!

Thy little forehead beautiful, is cold as marble
now;

Thy eyes they do not sparkle when I kiss thy lovely
brow!

Thy pretty lips no longer move, their vital warmth is
gone !

And thou, my only child, now seems a monument of
stone !

I used to gaze upon thy face, and see thy father
there !

The dimple in thy pretty chin, thy cheeks so round
and fair !

And this was consolation to the widow's wounded
heart,

O then, with all I loved below, how can I bear
to part ?

I feel oppression in my breast ! my tears how fast
they flow !

But tears and sorrow, all, alas ! are unavailing
now !

Relentless death hath snatched away my bosom's
cherished joy,
And to the dust I must resign my little fair-haired
boy !

The sailor views the land on which his weary vision
dwells,
And sighs when some more sober ray the faithless
form dispels ;
I thought that thou would be the star to light my
future way,
But like the shadowy phantom, thou, alas ! art
snatched away !

Yet, O farewell ! for thou art gone where thy dear
father is !
To brighter realms of happiness ! the resting place
of bliss !

I will not linger long behind, for O how can I
stay?

The stars of my existence have for ever passed
away!

Where can the childless mother, and the weeping
widow turn,

When she no more beholds the forms for which her
bowels yearn?

There is one place, and only one, where comfort can
be given,

Henceforward I will seek it there—the happy place
is Heaven!

Yes, to a gracious Lord I'll turn, in moments of
distress,

His grace, and O his grace alone the broken heart
can bless!

To the desolate and sorrowful he has vouchsafed his
power,

And soothes the childless widow in affliction's trying
hour!

TO MY MOTHER.

PARENT of my tender years,
Solacer of all my fears ;
Who first taught my steps to stray,
And my lisping tongue to pray ;
Chided when behaving rude,
Kissed me when thou saw me good.
'Tis to thee my soul would pay
Homage in this humble lay !

Thou hast watched me whilst I slept,
Thou hast o'er my sorrows wept,
Smoothed the pillow for my head
When upon affliction's bed ;

Marked the eye that dimly burned,
As thy bowels o'er me yearned,
Wiped the tear from off my cheek,
Listened as I strove to speak !
Lulled me to a peaceful rest
On thy faithful bosom prest !
To supply my wishes flown
Ere my lips could make them known !

How shall I such love repay,
Now that childhood's passed away ?
Must it be by loving thee
With such love thou bore to me ?
O that words could half but show
Feelings that within me glow ;
Or my bursting heart declare,
Half of what is cherished there !

Let the storms of darkness lour,
And despair its shadows pour,

To benight each scene below,
And disorder round me throw !
Adverse winds conspire to blight
All that yields the heart delight,
Sickness on my bosom press,
Which can make thy love the less ?
I can turn me then to thee,
Thou art a mother still to me !
Friends may change, but need I fear
Change in thee, my parent dear ?
No ! till death shall wing his dart
To becalm thy faithful heart,
Till reposing in the ground,
Thou unchanging will be found !
Age may leave its marks behind,
But thy love it cannot bind !
Time may downward press thy form,
But thy heart it cannot storm !
O far distant be the day
When such love must pass away !

WHAT untried theme shall now engage my lyre ?

What tale of woe excite the pitying tear ?

What scene of wonder shall my soul inspire,

What melting history fill the attentive ear ?

Where shall I find a story still unsung,

When now so many raise the voice in song ?

Where is the spot o'er which was never flung

The hallowing music of the tuneful throng ?

Where'er in fight the noble hero fell,

And dyed the dust with his untainted blood,

Full many a lyre the glorious deed must tell

And grace the very spot where last he stood !

The sun that cheers us through the livelong day,
His rising, zenith, and his setting too ;
The silvery moon, and all her beams that play
Upon the lake, the pensive mind to woo ;

The rippling brook, the ocean without bound,
The king of birds that soars up to the sky,
The barn-door fowl that never leaves the ground,
And all that 'twixt these two extremes may lie ;

All these I say, by votaries old or young,
Some lay, known or forgotten, still adorn,
The beauty is unborn that is unsung,
Nay some are sung that never yet were born !

Let this be so, and let the schoolboy still
Write rhymes which none but his fond parents heed,
And older blockheads weave out what they will,
Bombast, or worse, none but themselves can read.

But ye, on whom the gentle Muses smile !

Why do ye oft abuse the sacred power ?

And use the influence which might woe beguile,

To vent your sickening spleen, your anger sour !

Ah, why not in the love of virtue raise

Your powerful voices, and all crime condemn ;

Invite mankind to walk in wisdom's ways,

And strive the torrent of dark sin to stem ?

Celestial Muse ! let me your favours share !

And grant a portion of your sacred fire !

To brighten sorrow, or dispel dull care,

Aid me to tune a virtue loving lyre !

Keep far from me that darkness of the breast

Which scorns mankind and views them with disgust,

The curse which mars the dull misanthrope's rest,

And hates alike the villain and the just !

Lead me where Peace adorns the flowery way,
And reigns in all her majesty of mien !
Where sweet religion rules in gentle sway,
And nought save love and unity are seen !

Give me that inward brightness of the soul,
Which views fair nature with a loving eye !
And let bright visions on my fancy roll,
A glorious glimpse of immortality !

Ah, there are those on whom your smiles descend,
Who often sang with sweetness and with power,
Yet never knew, save you, one single friend,
To soothe the spirit in affliction's hour !

The sons of Genius seldom have to bear
The weight of wealth, the luxury of ease,
Where heartless Penury is found, O there !
Dwell those who live inferior minds to please !

The rich disown them while their miseries last,
Enough for them if but their works be known,
Yet when the life of poverty is past,
Will build them urns, like their own hearts, of stone !

Departed children of the tuneful lyre !
One sacred tribute to your shades I give ;
Tho' heard no more, tho' quenched the hallowed fire,
Shall Rowley or shall Henry* cease to live !

Tho' cold the grasp of poverty while here,
And not one sigh of sympathy to claim,
Tho' o'er your tombs there fell not pity's tear,
Ye won an adamantine wreath of fame !

Where are the riches such a crown to gain ?
Let Chili's mines and India's golden store
Be congregated in one mass—in vain
A wreath so glorious would this wealth implore !

* Kirke White.

What means the sculptured grandeur of the tomb,
The laboured epitaph, rewarded praise,
Say can they brighten or decrease the gloom
Or one fond sigh of soft emotion raise !

Time waves o'er these his dark destructive wing,
And bids the marble and the man decay !
But round the poet's name can only fling
A brighter halo, and more mellowed ray !

WE KNEW HER HEART WAS BROKEN.

No tear-drops dimmed her hazel eye,
Her brow no sorrow wore,
Her bosom sent not forth a sigh,
Her cheek no mildew bore !
But though no signs like these were there,
By many a silent token,
Alas! the beautiful ! the fair !
We knew her heart was broken !

At the first glance the floweret may
Seem blooming in its pride,
But ah, its folding leaves so gay
The withering worm may hide !

And tho' she never told her grief,
Nor of it e'er had spoken,
We knew that like the blighted leaf,
Alas! her heart was broken !

Alone she loved to roam along,
Away from noise and folly,
And listen to Philomel's song
Of plaintive melancholy !
She joined not in our scenes of mirth,
O was not this a token,
That, tho' the fairest flower of earth,
Within—her heart was broken !

The rose bud lingering, still may live,
Tho' injured by the blast,
But ah ! it never more can thrive,
Its head must droop at last !

So did the fair one slowly waste,
With tears let it be spoken !
By the cold earth she is embraced,
She died, alas ! heart broken !

TO ———

WHEN fate or fortune calls away,
And bids us leave fond childhood's home,
Our bosoms yearn within to stay,
Tho' brighter paths we have to roam !

Yea, tho' with gladness we depart,
For what is left we heave a sigh,
And sadness gathers round the heart
When murmuring out the last good bye !

We long to stay, yet wish to go,
Scarce knowing which we love the best,
Whilst trembling are our steps and slow,
Till tears relieve the throbbing breast !

So when I heard that thou wert wed,
Bright fancy brought thee to my view,
I saw thee from thy parents led
And marked thy lingering gazes too !

I saw thee take the parting kiss
By a fond mother's lips bestowed ;
I saw the tears, aye tears of bliss,
Which from their secret fountains flowed !

I saw thee take the last farewell
A father's faltering tongue could speak,
I saw thy snow-white bosom swell,
And marked the flushings of thy cheek !

I saw thee to thy sister turn,
The last adieu met not my ear,
The only mark I there could learn
Was love's reciprocating tear !

Then turned thou to thy husband dear,
To him but dearer for thy tears!
'Twas his the pleasing task to cheer,
To kiss and soothe away thy fears!

With him who won thee, loves thee best,
Who would for thee resign his breath,
Be happy then! for ever blest,
In weal or woe! in life or death!

No sorrow shade thy lovely brow,
Long and unclouded be thy life
And pleasure shall be mine, that thou
Fair ——— art a happy wife!

SONNET.

BEHOLD yon gaping grave ! yon weeping crowd !
Another mortal finds his last repose !
Behold ye poor, ye rich, ye mean, ye proud !
Behold of man the dread, the awful close !
Past are his earthly sorrows and his woes,
His future state is known but to his God !
Hark ! worldling, in thy search for pleasure pause !
Ashes to ashes—dust to dust—the sod
Must now conceal what once was strong like thee !
His body soon will moulder in the earth,
This the sad end of each and all must be ;
The man of sorrow, and the man of mirth,
The good, the bad, all in the silent tomb,
Alike await their everlasting doom !

THE EMIGRANT.

LIGHT from the west was in gentleness fading,
Cool were the breezes which blew from the sea,
The softness of twilight in silence was shading
The brow of the mountain, the valley, the lea !

'Twas the hour when the bosom that beats with
affection,
Is sighing for friends that no longer are near,
And memory indulges in fond retrospection,
The eye as in sympathy, shedding a tear !

When the emigrant gazed o'er the mist covered ocean,
 Regretting the hour that had tempted to roam,
His feelings were melted in tender emotion
 And love for his country, his friends and his home !

“ O land of my birth ! if once more I behold thee !
 What cause shall again tempt my footsteps to stray ?
O friends of my heart could I now but enfold ye,
 The blaze of ambition no more should betray !

The wife of my bosom, alas ! now lays buried,
 In the land of the stranger she sickened and died
My child too from life was untimely hurried,
 And I linger here but to lay at her side !

Did the sod of my own native vale but them cover,
 My tears then in silence should water the spot,
No more, like a bird seeking rest, would I hover,
 But soon again visit my own beloved cot !

If the spirit of her whom I loved to devotion
 Could hither descend and behold how I weep,
When I think that I brought her across the wide ocean,
 With her child in the tomb of the stranger to sleep !

She would grieve, if permitted, to see me thus mourning !
 Oh ! how shall I hide the real grief of my breast ?
The hour of repose now in softness returning,
 Brings sorrow to me, that to others brings rest !

My toil may be blest and my vine may be thriving,
 Abundance may reign round my lone widowed hearth,
But within, ah ! sad sorrow is ever reviving !
 This is not, this is not the land of my birth !”

THE LAST OF HIS LINE.

He sighed not that he must resign
His wealth, his riches vast,
And 'neath the cold cold earth recline—
But that he was *the last* !

He gazed upon the goodly show
Of portraits in the hall,
And grieved to think the ancestral row
By strangers soon must fall !

He wished to clasp one to his breast,
A heir to all his store,
On whom the honours still might rest
He and his fathers wore !

But all his wealth was still too small,
The wished-for heir to gain ;
An enemy must tread this hall,
And own the wide domain !

Must reign where his ancestors reigned
In peace for years untold,
Where dwelt, whilst monarchs rose and waned,
His forefathers of old !

His father's house a foeman's head
Must shelter from the blast !
For this his inward spirit bled,
That he was now *the last* !

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

How beautiful it is to see
A little child at prayer!
With eyes upturned and bended knee,
What can with this compare!

To hear it lisp its Maker's name,
And ask the guardian care
Of Him who on the earth once came
Our punishment to bear!

What eye on such a sight can gaze,
And gladden not with joy!
To see a mighty Saviour's praise
An infant's powers employ!

To see it answer to the call
Of Him who bade it ' come,'
And meekly ask the Lord of all,
To guide it safely home !

This is indeed devotion pure !
The heart no guile yet knows !
Ah ! might such innocence endure
Till life should reach a close !

A subject for the painter's skill
Where could we find so fair ?
What heart could fail with joy to thrill
To see a child at prayer !

LINES

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF A LADY WHO CAME TO YORK IN THE
FESTIVAL OF 1835, AND DIED IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THE
CATHEDRAL.

How slender is the thread of life !
How doubtful is our sojourn here !
One hour with joy the heart is rife,
The next we sorrow o'er its bier !
We gaze upon the face we love,
And mark the eye with rapture bright,
The hand of death comes to remove
The dearest object from our sight !
Like flowers that bloom in pride to-day,
And are to-morrow snatched away !

'Twas thus with one who came to hear
The melody of sacred song,
And listened, with attentive ear,
Amid the festival's gay throng !
She heard the sounds of sweetness rise,
Such sounds as are beyond compare !
But scarcely had they reached the skies
When she herself was summoned there !
As if her spirit could not stay
When such rich notes had died away !

She left her home, her friends to meet,
Her heart with anxious hope beat high,
Whilst others with like feelings greet,
Not knowing that she came to die !
And whilst the smile was on her brow,
Fleet as the sun's uncertain beam,
Death dealt unseen the fatal blow,
And life had vanished like a dream !
One day from every sickness free !
The next in dread eternity !

She's gone ! and peace be with her soul,
Her warning was indeed but brief !
But who death's mandates can control,
Or what physician bring relief ?
There's but a step from life to death !
A thin partition from the grave !
To-day may fly our trembling breath,
To-morrow grass may o'er us wave !
This life is mixed with hopes and fears,
With transient smiles and lingering tears !

The cup of pleasure we may win,
But ere we take the gentlest sip,
Despair may throw its potion in,
And yield it tainted to the lip !
Our brightest hopes are overcast,
And sorrow's dismal clouds appear,
Which, like some bleak and sudden blast,
Make all things desolate and drear !
Each day hath proofs which well can show
Man's hopes should not be placed below !

COMO.

WHEN sorrow shrouds the human heart,
And threatening horrors round us start
 To crush the hopes we hold ;
When the rough waves of tumult roll
To agonise the sinking soul,
 And all our thoughts enfold !

When, like a vessel rudderless,
We hoist the signal of distress
 Upon the stormy main,
Alas, of friends how very few
Appear to bless the cheerless view,
 And raise our hopes again !

How narrow is the circling space,
Which worldly friendship can embrace ;

How short its partial sway !
If but a cloud obscure the sky,
Or some rude whirlwind hurries by,
It vanishes away !

Self is the one absorbing theme,
The vision of each golden dream ;

The idol of each heart !
The secret impulse that inspires,
The aim, the end of our desires,
Of each a vital part !

O Como ! could my bosom find
Among the ranks of human kind,

A friend so true as thee ;
How would my heart the prize enfold,
And in its deep recesses hold,
The gem so dear to me !

Hard to be wooed, and harder won,
Ready to change ere well begun,
 Misplaced, unstable, blind,
Deceitful, like the wandering light
Misguiding travellers at night,
 The friendship of mankind !

How different thou whose praise I sing,
Thou playful, fondling, harmless thing,
 Sprung from Italia's clime !
In every season still the same,
Thy fond affection well might claim
 A more exalted rhyme !

At morning's dawn the first to greet
In airy gambols at our feet,
 Our temper's mood thou tries,
Unwearied through the livelong day,
Each moment would thy joy display
 Itself before our eyes !

Careering in thy sportful mood,
A frown can check thee if thou'rt rude,
 So tractable thou art ;
If checked, a smile can back restore
The gladness which thou showed before,
 And joy again impart !

How wistfully upon my face
Thou gazes oft, as if to trace
 The secret of my will,
And says, as well as dog may say,
Possessed of power, I day by day
 Thy wishes would fulfil !

Como ! whene'er thy days shall end,
I shall at least have lost a friend
 Affectionate, tho' mute ;
One who to man's proud heart could teach
That human friendship cannot reach
 The friendship of the brute !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

THOUGH grief, my friend ! hath darkly spread
 Its shadows o'er thy brow,
And sorrow bowed thy youthful head,
 And bid thy tears to flow ;

Though for a moment woe's keen dart
 Hath found thy inward breast,
Believe me, soon thy gentle heart
 Will gain its wonted rest !

The hour which morning's dawn precedes
Is darkest of the night,
But see the coming glory spreads
And all is fair and bright !

So shall thy trouble die away,
And in true joy be lost,
This is the hour which yields to day,
And thus is felt the most !

Yea, soon the sun of joy shall rise
In gladness on thy path,
And, like the monarch of the skies,
Dispel the tempest's wrath !

Alas ! think not thy lot is hard,
There's thousands worse than thee !
For who affliction's blow can ward,
Or from despair can flee ?

Yet every pang we mortals feel,
Is for our welfare sent,
And He who wounds hath power to heal,
Who made can close the rent !

But think not, though I thus can speak,
I do not for thee feel !
How can my heart, unless 'twould break,
Its inmost thoughts reveal ?

If by one wish of mine, or deed,
Peace could for thee be won,
Though it should make my own heart bleed,
This hour it should be done !

THE MOTHER.

SHE bent across her breathless child,
She kissed its forehead fair,
But yet no sounds of anguish wild,
Broke on the silence there !

Though she had loved it with a love
Which worlds could never shake,
She knew its spirit was above,
In Heaven it would awake.

The open lips her kiss received,
But gave it not again,
How could a mother thus bereaved,
Behold and not complain ?

'Tis here—Religion can impart
To those that mourn relief,
Can soothe the childish mother's heart,
And lull the widow's grief !

And she who gazed upon the child,
Stiff, motionless, and cold,
Had felt within its influence mild,
And seen its grace unfold !

“ O suffer them to come to me”
Peace to her bosom brought,
This made her wounded spirit free,
And resignation taught !

She thus could look upon the brow
Where smiles were wont to play,
Unruffled, and like marble now,
When life had passed away ;

Could mark the glazed and lifeless eye,
Which knew not she was there,
If not without a tender sigh,
At least without despair !

And though she wept (for who would not ?),
No sounds of murmur fell,
Her babe had reached a brighter spot,
With cherubim to dwell !

In amaranthine bowers to sing,
On harp of gold to play,
Where wells of joy spontaneous spring,
And flowerets ne'er decay

Then who would wish to call again
Her spirit down below,
To pass through scenes of grief and pain,
And tread the paths of woe !

A DIRGE.

He is gone, like a star that has fallen at last,
In the cold cold earth let him sleep,
While remembrance shall silently think of the past,
And sympathy go there to weep !

His days they were mingled with darkness and light,
And sad his untimely doom,
Consumption's foul breath his existence did blight,
And hurried him down to the tomb !

He joined in the laughter at merriment's tale,
And heard with delight of the brave,
Yet the smile which oft beamed on his countenance
pale,
But lighted him on to the grave !

He is gone ! in the noonday of manhood he fell,
The mark of the tyrant he bore,
Let none of his follies exultingly tell,
And his virtues in silence pass o'er !

Farewell ! in thy tear-bedewed sepulchre lie,
From care and misfortune now free,
How hard is the heart that refuses a sigh,
When death takes a victim like thee !

Lay at rest till the trumpet shall bid thee arise,
And angels the judgment declare,
When thou wilt be summoned above the blue skies
To the thousands assembling there !

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

A VISION OF THE DARK AGES.

WHY stands that youthful maiden there,
With form so slight and brow so fair?
And who are they now ranged around,
With looks of terror, awe profound?
Why are all met within this room,
Where sickly lights increase the gloom,
And instruments of torture lie
Prepared for human agony?

Oh these are men who vainly dare
Usurp Jehovah's attribute,
And deadly punishment declare,
On all who shall their power dispute!

“Vengeance is mine,” declares the Lord,
In his unchanging, sacred word,
But those have claimed the power divine,
And boldly say “it is not thine !”
Have raised the rod of anguish high,
And stained their souls in deepest dye !
That maiden is the hapless prey
Of those whose deeds dislike the day,
And now her head is meekly bent,
While they proclaim their dark intent !

Alas ! what evil hath she done ?
Deprived some mother of her son ?
Dipped her young hands in human blood,
Or plunged her infant in the flood ?
Ah ! no, such crimes she never knew,
Unsullied as the morning dew,
Unspotted as a new-born child,
Her soul is pure, her spirit mild,
But O, unpardonable deed,
The scriptures she hath dared to read !

To search the words of life and truth,
And learn her Saviour's sufferings there,
And with their light to guide her youth,
Pour out her gentle soul in prayer !
For scarce hath twenty summers reigned,
And twenty autumns slowly waned,
Or twenty winters bound the plain,
And twenty springs returned again,
Since first those looks of tenderness,
A mother's feeble prayer did bless,
Or first those eyes serenely bright
Beheld the sun's own glorious light !
But those who sit in judgment there
Feel not for one so young and fair !
Within their breasts no love can glow,
Their hardened hearts no mercy know ;
Far milder is the eagle proud,
When stooping from the lofty cloud,
He seizes on his helpless prey,
And soars unto his heights away.

More kind the monarch of the wood,
When roaming out in search of food ;
Some hapless pilgrim there he spies,
And with him to his jungle hies.

But hark, the men of Belial speak,
What sounds will now the silence break !
“ Young maiden, art thou ready now
To yield thy faith, forsake thy vow ?
Confess thy errors, and thou’rt free,
We grant thee life and liberty !
Refuse—our thunders o’er thee roll,
And fire consumes thy guilty soul !”

The judge awaits the maid’s reply,
Retract and live ! be firm and die !
O see what glory lights her brow,
And hear what words from virtue flow !
“ ’Tis vain, ye men of Satan ! vain !
My vows of truth shall still remain,

The God I worship aids the weak,
And soon the oppressors rod shall break !
I would not for a world resign,
The hopes, the feelings that are mine !
Pour out your vengeance on my head,
Your cruelty I do not dread !
Quick ! with your dark intent go on,
My soul is weary to be gone !
Come, welcome death ! I long for thee
To set my anxious spirit free !
And O thou everlasting power !
Support me in the trying hour !
Forgive these men and let them feel
The glory which thy words reveal !”

The judge can hear no more, “ away !
Nor let her live another day,
Long ere to-morrow’s sun be high
The stubborn heretic must die !”
They bore her to the gloomy cell,
Where ray of mercy never fell !

Where nought can cheer the dismal gloom,
Or brighten up the living tomb !

'Tis past ! the sounds have died away,
Her soul has reached the realms of day !
They led her to the burning stake,
She suffered for religion's sake !
Her step was firm, her faith was sound,
Unshaken did she gaze around !
Then up to Heaven her eyes did raise,
And from her lips flowed songs of praise !
How heavenly were the sounds that flowed,
Enchaining e'en that heartless crowd !
The flames crept round her naked form,
Like lightning bursting through the storm ;
Yet did the song of glory flow,
And anguish passed not o'er her brow,
Till life began to pass away,
Calm as the close of dying day,
'Twas then the voice more feeble grew,
And life for ever bade adieu !

But when the minstrel had been crushed,
The voice of sweetness was not hushed ;
More glorious sounds burst through the air,
For angels had been hovering there,
To bear her spotless soul away,
To joys that never can decay,
And when the breath of life was gone,
And that inhuman deed was done,
Her spirit to their care was given,
And all went singing up to Heaven !
To dwell with saints for ever blest !
In realms of everlasting rest !
O bright exchange ! a life of care,
Of painful sorrow, dark despair,
For an eternity of joy,
Where deeds of love the powers employ !
A form of lovely shape bereft
And nought but mouldering ashes left,
For an unfading crown of gold,
And bliss that never can be told !

Thank Heaven ! the times have passed away
When superstition held her sway,
The flag of truth has been unfurled,
To reign throughout the ransomed world !
Alas ! O England ! even thou
Bears the dark blot upon thy brow !
But past is that unhappy age
Which bade the fires of Smithfield rage !
And peace now dwells upon the shore
So turbulent and dark before !
O may it thus for ever be,
Fair land of love and liberty !

TO HEALTH.

O Health ! where art thou wandering now,
Where tread thy footsteps rosy maid !
Upon the barren mountain's brow,
Or in the fertile valley's shade ?

O come, release me from the chains
Which sickness has around me thrown,
Drive far away those racking pains
That make repose and ease unknown !

Give back the lightsome step of youth,
The smile of happiness and glee,

My weary bosom gently soothe,
And bid me once again be free !

O drive away the angry cloud
That hangs above my youthful brow,
And let no more such sorrow shroud
My heart, as gathers round me now !

Restore me that light-heartedness,
Which misery hath torn away,
O make my painful suffering less,
And bid me once again be gay !

O rosy Goddess ! hither haste !
And give me back my liberty !
Let me again thy pleasures taste,
Thrice welcome wilt thou ever be !

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

THOU everlasting dread Supreme !

The mighty Lord of earth and Heaven !

To whom this universe doth seem

As but a speck to mortals given !

Whose glory none may yet behold,

Whose face to man is unrevealed,

Whose beauties tongue hath never told,

All but thy works from us concealed,

Around whose throne the angels sing,

Whom saints and sinners would implore,

To whom all praises upward spring,—

'Tis thee I would adore !

What though I know not what thou art,
What breadth or height thy form may be,
There's something in this beating heart
That tells of thy divinity!
And when I cast my eyes around,
The earth, with all her trees and flowers,
Her birds, her streams, conspire to sound
The wondrous effort of thy powers!
The spacious skies hung out above,
The orbs and planets which are there,
All tell of thy unbounded love,
And all thy power declare!

The mind may be too weak to span
The regions of unmeasured space,
But spirits raised to glory can
Behold the beauty of thy face!
And what man cannot find out here,
We leave until a future day,

When all things shall be bright and clear,
And doubt and error pass away !
What our imperfect knowledge finds
Beyond its grasp—enough to know
That hast thou hidden from our minds,
Whilst we are here below !

Thou poised this huge terrestrial ball,
And bade it in the air abide,
Thou filled the seas, and gave them all
That in their unseen depths reside !
The countless worlds that ever roll,
In yonder sky of glory fair,
Are moving under Thy control,
By Thee they all created were !
But Thou Thyself wert never made,
No birth or early age hadst Thou !
Creating without help or aid,—
To Thee I humbly bow !

Of all Thy mercies, who can tell ?

With lavish hand they freely come,
Since first rebellious Adam fell,

And forced from Paradise to roam !
O man had been completely curst,
Had not thy love an offering found,
Which like a ray of glory burst,
To shed delight on all around !

The sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his shining wings !
O may I feel, at life's last close,
That peace his favour brings !

Lord of my life ! O hear my prayer !

Increase my faith and give me grace !
Protect me with a father's care,
And grant that I may see Thy face !
My sins are great, but Jesus died,
That I, through Him, might come to Thee,

O let my prayer be not denied,
But grant my spirit liberty !
With this, let all conspire to press
My feeble body to the dust,
To Thee I'll look in my distress,
Thou only art my trust !

MORN.

MORN is awake ! a thousand tongues
Proclaim the rising day !
Lo ! from the east with cheerful smiles
The sun climbs on his way !
Thrice welcome art thou, glorious sun !
Thou monarch of the skies !
All nature hails thee with delight,
Rejoiced to see thee rise !

The lark hath risen on the wing,
The cuckoo tuned his bill,
The rooks are chattering in the field,
The lambs skip on the hill !
The peasant hastens to his toil,
Around there seems to rise

The offerings of a thousand hearts,
Like incense, to the skies !

Those very beams whose cheerful warmth
Shed life and light around,
On our first parents brightly shone
In Eden's happy ground !
Beheld their spotless innocence,
Their glory and their fall !
And with unfailing strength must shine
Till fire consumes this ball !

This is the time that man should praise
His Saviour and his God !
Who clothed the trees and reared the flowers,
And spread the verdant sod !
Who rules with universal power,
Dividing day from night,
And spread yon glorious sky above,
So beautiful and bright !

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the morn ! whose cheerful voice
 Bids drowsy mortals rise,
In song thy heart seems to rejoice
 When soaring to the skies !
Thy music calls on man to praise
 The ever-living God,
Upward like thee his voice to raise,
 And own his Maker's rod !

I love to see thee rise at morn
 And heavenward freely soar,
Like some departing spirit borne
 Where sorrow is no more !
Less and still less thou seems to be,
 To our imperfect sight,

Until we lose all trace of thee
In yon refulgent light !

The glories of the bending sky,
The golden clouds of Heaven,
Too bright for man's forbidden eye,
Seem to thy pleasures given !
We raise our half-closed eyes in vain,
And listen to each sound,
Until with song thou seeks again
Thy dwelling on the ground !

O when this flesh returns to dust,
From which it first did spring,
May my freed soul fly to its trust,
With heaven directed wing !
Like thee, rejoicing, soar above,
But not like thee return,
Triumphing in the realms of love,
Where none may ever mourn !

SONNET.—THE MOON.

O, SILVERY orb ! thou lovely queen of night !

I love to mark thee wend thy glorious way,
To watch thy stately, solemn, silent flight,
To wander 'neath thy love-inspiring ray !
To meditation genial is thy light,

When thy bright beams upon the brooklet play,
And, save the nightingale's lone simple lay,
No sound falls on the nightly wanderer's ear.

Oh, after all the tumult of the day,
How sweet is this ! to me this hour how dear !

To some loved spot resorting, there I may
Muse undisturbed—repose without a fear ;
And in this place, except by me untrod,
Enjoy a lovely converse with my God !

THE FAREWELL.

THE anchor's weighed, the sails are out
To catch the coming breeze,
To bear yon vessel on its route
Across the dangerous seas :
And one is now imprisoned there,
Unto our bosom dear,
Farewell ! farewell ! the sky is fair !
We will not yield to fear !

Ye winds ! a little longer sleep !
(We dare not bid adieu)
That yonder vessel still may keep
The object of our view !
Yet go ! we would not have it stay,
Altho' our hearts may bleed

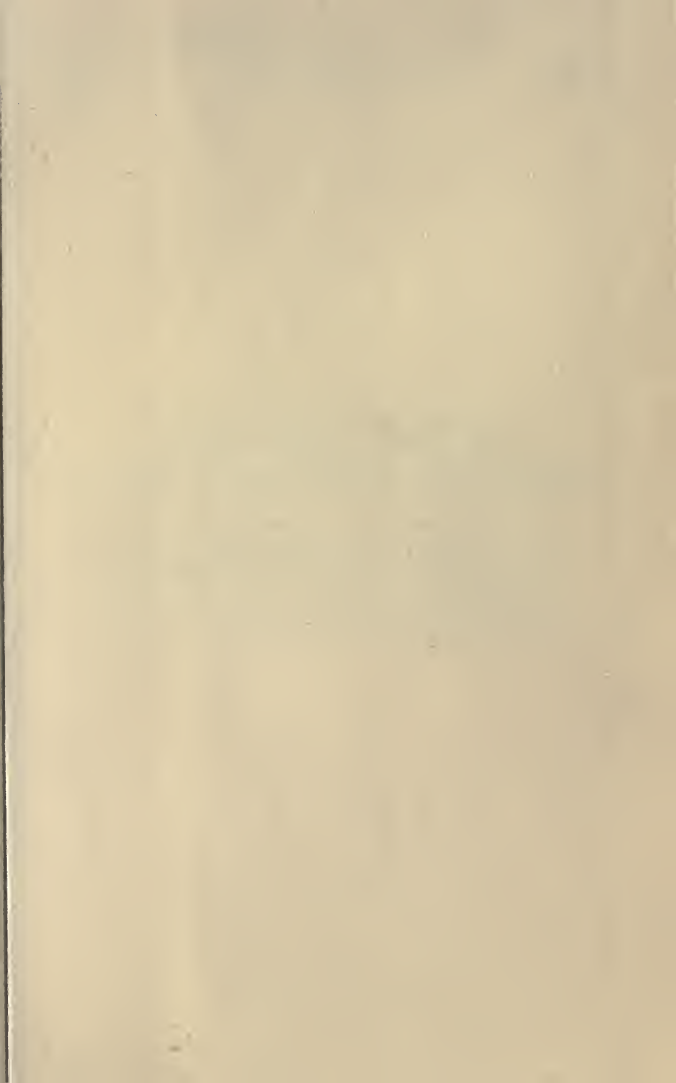
As, when it dimly fades away,
We breathe the prayer "God speed!"

They come! they come! the winds arise!
The sparkling sails expand!
The richly freighted vessel flies
As if in scorn of land!
See how she dances on her way!
A noble thing and fair!
And seems in conscious pride to say
"I know the prize I bear!"

Descend, ye angel bands! who love
To guard the virtuous fair!
And crown with blessings from above
The object of our prayer!
Arise, ye sea-born nymphs! and leave
Old ocean's secret caves!
And for this noble vessel weave
A pathway o'er the waves!

Farewell ! farewell ! we think of thee,
Tho' left so far behind,
And many a token shall we see
To bring thee to our mind !
Thy bed of flowers ! the garden chair
Where thou wouldst oft recline,
Altho' thou art no longer there
Shall still be kept as thine !

Farewell ! a long farewell to her !
Her form no more we see !
And Hope ! thou secret cherisher !
We now will turn to thee !
In other circles she may shine
To other spots repair,
But ah ! the whisper will be thine,
That she is happy there !



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